THE CABINET,

A

MONTHLY MAGAZINE

OF

POLITE LITERATURE.

No. IV. OF THE NEW SERIES.

APRIL, 1809.

EMBELLISHED WITH PORTRAITS OF WILLIAM OWEN, ESQ. R. A. FROM A PAINTING BY MR. WRIGHT, AND OF GEO. DYER, ESQ. FROM A PAINTING BY MISS BETHAM, BOTH ENGRAVEN BY MR. MEYER.

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TO CORRESPONDENTS.

A Portrait of Mons. VESTRIS, *in Character, will be given in our next Number.*

Mr. OWEN's *virgin modesty has deprived us of the power of giving the least atom of his Biography.*

The briefness and dulness of this page of our Magazine has excited some surprise. In the first place, the Editors of other Magazines will stare to hear that we never invent correspondences; and in the second, as the Edinburgh Review said, on a similar occasion, "we have no desire "to display our powers of repartee in a public disputa- "tion with anonymous correspondents."

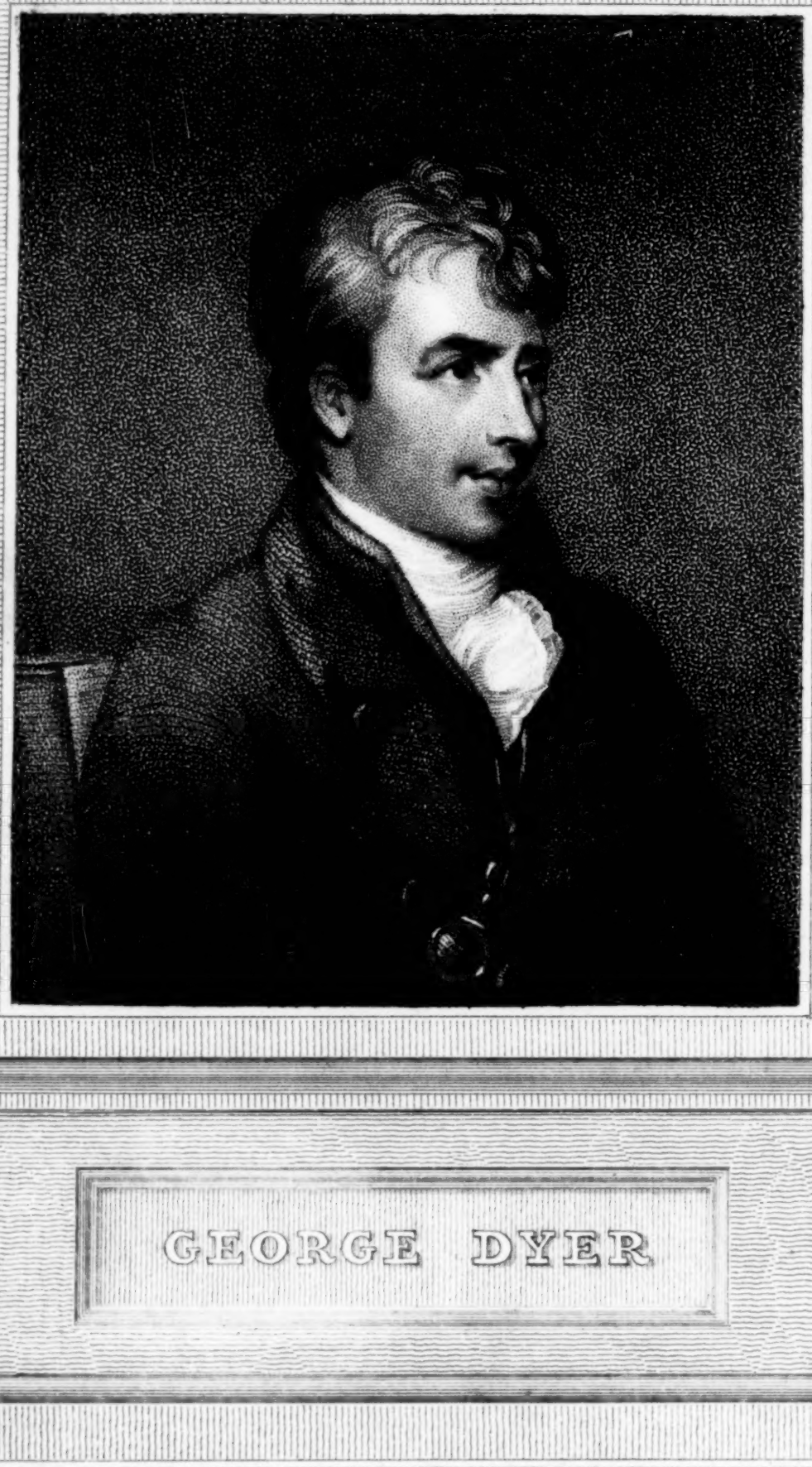
We shall be happy to receive the proffered communications of the Author of the *Letters of Clairville.*

We have been anxiously waiting for the promised communications of E. D. of Norwich.

Errata in the last Number.

P.	L.	
204	3	*for* Musselmens *read* Musselmans.
261	4 from bottom	*read* While near her door I'll fondly stray.
256	16	*for* glaring *read* glazing.
273	22	*for* Morvin *read* Moreau, *and for* Boisgurard *read* Boisgerard.
276	1	*dele* (2.)
277	33	*for* Fitzwilliams *read* Fitzgeralds.

P. 279, L. 7 from bottom, *for* Mrs. Bellamy *read* Mr. Bellamy.



Miſs Beetham pinx.t *Engraved by H.Meyer.*

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THE

CABINET,

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POLITE LITERATURE.

GEORGE DYER, ESQ.

GEORGE DYER received the first part of his education at Christ's Hospital; and, from his early proficiency, gained the patronage of the celebrated Dr. Askew, who did not live, however, to be of any essential service to him. On leaving school, he entered himself of Emanuel College, Cambridge, where his friend had been educated; and was here remarked for his gloomy views of religion, and his dislike to mathematics. The former, however, soon gave way to his enquiring mind; and for the latter, he amply atoned by his assiduous cultivation of the classics. The consequence of both these circumstances is, that there are perhaps few deeper theologians and scholars than Mr. Dyer. In 1777, in the usual course, he took his degree of A. B.; and, with it, his farewell to college and to the church, the profession for which he was destined not being compatible with his present views of religion. He then for some time assisted in the school of the Rev. Dr. Grimwood, at Dedham, in Essex; but at length, in consequence of his intimacy with the Rev. Robert Robinson, of Cambridge, the celebrated baptist minister, he returned to that town to reside with his friend, avowed his dissent from the established church, and frequently preached in the pulpits of Mr. Robinson and other dissenting ministers. Upon the death of his friend, he wrote his "Memoirs."

Mr. Dyer now published his "Enquiry into the Nature "of Subscription to the Thirty-nine Articles," in the composition of which he was encouraged, not only by dissenters, but by several learned men within the walls of the university, such as the Rev. Mr. Tyrwhitt, Mr. Hammond, and Mr. Frend. Having now acquired considerable reputation, he determined to try his fortune in London, where he followed the footsteps of most literary adventurers, and became a reporter of parliamentary debates for a newspaper, a reviewer, &c. He here published a second edition of his work on Subscription. In the dangerous political æra of the "Rights of Man," Mr. Dyer produced his "Complaints of the poor People "of England," and his "Theory and Practice of Bene-"volence." "The Poet's Fate," "An English Pro-"logue and Epilogue to the Latin Comedy of Ignora-"mus," "Poetic Sympathies," "An Address to the "People of Great Britain on the Doctrine of Libels," and two volumes of Odes and Critical Essays, printed in 1802, complete the list of Mr. Dyer's publications: and he has it now in contemplation to correct and collect his poems; and is engaged in making researches into public libraries.

As a literary character, Mr. Dyer is to be considered in several points of view. He has written poetry, criticism, biography, politics, and theology. In his work on "Subscription," he has displayed very considerable learning, together with very acute reasoning powers. His political treatises manifest a very intimate acquaintance with the most enlightened writers on government, and afford strong indications of a mind diligently employed in the research of truth, and directing the results of its enquiries to the benefit of mankind. It is a notorious fact, however minds of a certain class may be disposed to deny it, that philosophers have always pointed out political as well as other abuses, and suggested remedies for them, long before the rest of mankind have had the courage or the virtue to attempt their reformation: and we have no hesitation in saying, that many of the evils which have of late years been remedied, were removed in consequence of the careful investigations and animated invectives of Mr. Dyer. His Life of Robinson is a well-written affectionate tribute to the memory of an able and learned man. The critical essays which Mr. Dyer has mingled with his poems in a late publication, convince

us that he possesses an acute, discriminating mind, and that his taste is formed on the purest and correctest principles. We come now to Mr. Dyer's poetry. Its distinguishing characteristics are simplicity and feeling. In perusing his poems, we perceive an elegant mind, filled with the most benevolent, the most upright and liberal ideas, and expressing them in easy, natural, and poetical language. We quote the following Odes in confirmation of this remark.

ODE ON THE MORNING.

Child of the light, fair morning hour,
  Who smilest o'er yon purple hill,
I come to woo thy cheering pow'r
  Beside this murm'ring rill.
Nor I alone: a thousand songsters rise
  To meet thy dawning, and thy sweets to share,
  While ev'ry flow'r that scents the honied air
Thy milder influence feels, and shews the brightest dyes.

And let me hear some village swain
  Whistle in rustic glee along;
Or share some true-love's tender pain,
  Breath'd from the milk-maid's song.
Wild are those notes; but sweeter far to me,
  Than the soft airs borne from Italian groves,
  To which the wanton muse, and naked loves,
Strike the light-warbling lyre, and dance in gamesome glee.

And health, the child of blooming sire,
  Shall trip along on nimble feet,
With airy mien, and loose attire,
  All on the plain to meet:
Gay-laughing nymph, that loves a morning sky,
  That loves to glide across the spangled dews!
  And with her finger, dipp'd in brightest hues,
My faint cheek shall she tinge, and cheer my languid eye.

Then will I bless thee, morning hour,
  And, singing, hail the new-born day;
And hasten to Amanda's bower,
  To steal the sweets of May.
And to my verse Amanda will attend,
  And take the posy from the sylvan muse:
  For sure the gen'rous fair will not refuse
The muse's modest gift, her present to a friend.

ODE 1 TO JOHN HAMMOND,

Of Fen-Stanton, Huntingdonshire; formerly Fellow of Queen's College, Cambridge. Written in a Garden.

Though much I love th' Æolian lyre,
  Whose varying sounds beguil'd my youthful day,
  And still, as fancy guides, I love to stray
In fabled groves, among th' Aonian choir:
Yet more on native fields, thro' milder skies,
  Nature's mysterious harmonies delight:
There rests my heart; for let the sun but rise,
  What is the moon's pale orb, that cheer'd the lonesome night?

I cannot leave thee, classic ground,
  Nor bid your labyrinths 2 of song adieu;
  Yet scenes to me more dear arise to view:
And my ear drinks-in notes of clearer sound.
No purple Venus round my Hammond's bow'r,
  No blue-ey'd graces, wanton mirth diffuse,
The king of gods here rains no golden show'r, 3
  Nor have these lips e'er sipt Castalian dews.

Yet oh! blest rose, fair child of May,
  Tho' Bacchus ne'er with thee his brows shall wreathe,
  Ye tender myrtles, tho' ye ne'er shall breathe
On the soft couch that wak'd to am'rous play, 4
Yet will I steal from you the richest sweet,
  Yet shall your beauties wake no vulgar strain,
Each wild note shall some kindred passion greet,
  And not a gale that sighs, to me shall sigh in vain.

Say, polish'd friend, each motley flower
  That fable streaks to daze our youthful sight,
  Say, can they breathe so sweet, or shine so bright
As those, which nature paints in sober hour?
And if, thy books exchang'd for rural ease,
  You teach the garden in new grace to smile,
Ah! what may please, if this has nought to please,
  What, if beguiles not this, the studious hour beguile?

Why should I envy Pindar's lyre,
  Deep-ton'd and various? Why the melting strain
  Of love-sick Sappho, and the Teian swain,
Or why the warrior-poet's nobler fire?

---

1 Designed to censure the extravagance of many English poets in imitating the Greek and Roman poets (who, however, themselves cannot be too much admired).

2 An expression of Pindar's, Ὑμνων Πτυχαις.

3 See Homer's Il. l. 2. v. 670. See also Pindar, Ol. Od. vi.

4 At the entertainments of the Greeks and Romans it was customary for the guests to wear chaplets of ivy; and couches composed of the sweetest flowers were among their softer luxuries; to these frequent allusions are made in Anacreon's and Horace's Odes, and in other poets. See particularly Anacreon's fourth Ode, and Horace, lib. iii. 25.

Or, should Albunea's sacred grove resound, 5
While headlong Anio roll'd his tide along,
Why envy Horace, tho' gods listen'd round,
To hear him strike the lyre, and wake the soul of song?

Or why, where suns more fervid glow,
Where flow'rs like gems, and founts as crystals bright,
Where fruits like opals fire the ravish'd sight, 6
And silver streams o'er beds of amber flow;
Where to the Rose the Nightingale complains, 7
In love-notes sadly sweet, from myrtle-grove,
Why envy Abi 'l Olas' 8 loftier strains,
Or Cassem's 9 splendid notes, or Hafez' 10 voice of love?

Place me beneath the arctic skies,
Still verse and friendship shall inspire;
Still shall this bosom glow with genial fire;
Still each fantastic form delight these eyes;
Nor shall my soul, tho' fate has fix'd my lot
To temp'rate climes, not feel the rapt'rous muse,
Nor shall the verse, tho' simple, be forgot,
Breath'd in my Hammond's bow'r, beside the banks of Ouse. 11

ODE.

Written in the Cloisters of Christ's-Hospital, in London.

Now cease, my song, the plaintive strain,
Now hush'd be Pity's tender sigh,
While mem'ry wakes her fairy train,
And young Delight sits laughing by;
Return, each hour of rosy hue,
In wreathy smiles, and garlands gay,
As when on playful wing ye flew,
When ev'ry month was blithe as May,
When young Invention wak'd his mimic pow'rs,
And Genius, wand'ring wild, sigh'd for enchanted bow'rs.

---

5 The Italian Sibyl, Albunea, had a grove and fountain sacred to her at Tibur, where Horace had a villa. The river Anio flowed by it. See Hor. l. i. 7.

6 The Asiatic poets, particularly the Arabians and Persians, derive a character from their climate, and abound in glowing descriptions of gardens, enchanting scenes and flowers. See Sir William Jones's Poeseos Asiat. Comment. cap. xviii.

7 In the love-poems of Sady, Hafez, and other Persian poets, the fanciful loves of the Nightingale and Rose are frequently introduced. See Poes. Asiat. Comment. lib. viii.

8 Abi 'l Ola is an Arabian poet, whose genius resembles Pindar's. A sublime poem of his, in praise of the Prince Said, may be seen in Sir William Jones's excellent work, cap. xvi.

9 Abu 'l Cassem is an Arabian poet of a more lively and elegant character, abounding in neat and splendid descriptions.

10 Hafez is a Persian poet, distinguished for his impassioned descriptions of beauty. Hafez's poems have been translated into English.

11 This last line, as well as a word or two of the foregoing part of the Ode, has had the benefit of the poet's correction, since its publication in 1801.—EDITOR.

Then, too, in antic vestment dress'd,
Pastime would blithesome trip along;
Throwing around the gibe, or jest,
Satire enrhym'd, or simple song;
And merry Mischief oft would weave
His wanton tricks for little hearts,
Nor Love his tender vot'ry grieve,
Soft were his hands, nor keen his darts:
While Friendship felt th' enthusiast's glow,
Would give her half of bliss, and take her share of woe.
And though around my youthful spring
Many a low'ring storm might rise,
Hope her soul-soothing strain would sing,
And quickly brighten'd up my skies;
How sweetly pass'd my youth's gay prime!
For not untuneful was my tongue;
And as I tried the classic rhyme,
The critic school-boy prais'd my song.
Nor did mine eye not catch the splendid ray,
That promis'd fair to gild Ambition's distant day.
Ah! pleasing, gloomy, cloister-shade,
Still, still this wav'ring breast inspire!
Here lost in rapt'rous trance I stray'd,
Here view'd with horror visions dire;
For soon as day dark-veil'd his head,
With hollow cheek, and haggard eye,
Pale ghosts would flit from cold death-bed,
And stalk with step terrific by,
Till the young heart would freeze with wild affright,
And store the dismal tale to cheer a winter's night.
Yet ah! what means the silent tear?
Why ev'n 'mid joy this bosom heave?
Ye long-lost scenes, enchantments dear!
Lo! now I wander o'er your grave.
—Yet fly ye hours of rosy hue,
And bear away the bloom of years!
And quick succeed ye sickly crew,
Of doubts and pains, of hopes and fears!
Still will I ponder Fate's unalter'd plan;
Nor tracing back the Child, forget that I am Man.

We cannot dismiss the subject of this memoir without shewing him in another and a far better light, that of a man of real and active virtue. Benevolence is the most prominent feature in his character; and this benovolence does not display itfelf by any whining affected lamentations over the miseries of this or that being, but is proved by the most strenuous, zealous, and, very frequently, effective exertions to benefit others, not unfrequently to his own prejudice. We could dwell with pleasure on this most useful and most amiable virtue, but we will not gratify our own feelings at the expense of another's. We will merely say, that in whatever point of view we consider Mr. Dyer's character, he must be allowed to stand in the first rank of the literary men of the present day.

VIRGIL AND SILIUS ITALICUS.

[*Concluded from p.* 192.]

V.		S. I.
VII. 18	—	15, 86
48	—	8,439
64	—	8,635
100	—	17,144
136	—	6,171
142	—	1,535 6,605 15,143
183	—	1,617
222		3,227 16,215*sq.*
231	—	16,250
281	—	6,232
318	—	17, 75
323	—	2,526-30
338	—	2,540
411	—	1,293 6,478 10,583
445	—	9,460
462	—	5,603
472	—	1,185
483	—	13,115*sq.*
516	—	9,469
517	—	8,451
526	—	8,435
528	—	1,468 4,243 8,428
533	—	4,171
537	—	15,702
623	—	4, 8*sq.*
654	—	12,346
657	—	2,158
641	—	3,222
664	—	8,374 3,250
666	—	2,156
684	—	4,226 12,532

V.		S. I.
VII. 687	—	8,493
695	—	8,489
698	—	8,420
707	—	7, 7 16, 19
706-17		8,412
718	—	8,427
738	—	8,536
753	—	1,411 3,301 8,496
759	—	5,542 14,513
762	—	4,367
786	—	9,448
792	—	1,407
801	—	8,380
805	—	2, 68
808	—	3,306 4,147 3,308 13,327 14,508 16,485
VIII. 3	—	12,183
22	—	7,141-5
31	—	4,659 4,723
40	—	8,213
42	—	8,178
61	—	4,736
78	—	4,127
105	—	1,609
116	—	13, 69
131	—	16,140
139	—	3,203
152	—	16,189*sq.*
193	—	6,149
201	—	6,628

	V.		S. I.
VIII.	224	—	12,455
	240	—	3,463 4,444 5,330
	243	—	5,617
	266	—	5,440
	288	—	11,135
	340	—	13,817
	348	—	6,631
	354	—	12,720
	416	—	14,55*sq.*
	467	—	16,243
	515	—	4,428
	538	—	1, 45 1,537 2,453-6
	562	—	10,526
	563	—	1,278
	589	—	7,639
	618	—	2,395-405
	630	—	5,143
	649	—	2,430 8,387
	659	—	4,154
	691	—	10,321
	703	—	5,220
	727	—	1,141 17,637
IX.	13	—	8,215 8,225
	20	—	1,134
	27	—	9,234
	33	—	4, 94 5,535 9,500 12,167
	52	—	4,134
	58	—	12,66
	59	—	7,126
	63	—	4,335
	161	—	13,192
	182	—	9,406
	211	—	3, 93

	V.		S. I.
IX.	199	—	3,109
	248	—	10,278
	269	—	4,266
	311	—	4,426 8,464
	328	—	5,406
	339	—	2,683
	343	—	8,508 10, 28
	414	—	10,182
	417	—	5,576
	445	—	17,471 9,408
	446	—	4,396 2,696
	475	—	7,701
	503	—	5,188
	530	—	14,300-15
	534	—	14,333
	535	—	1,320
	536	—	1,362
	539	—	14,445
	551	—	10,1-5
	587	—	1,315
	601	—	1,443
	602		2,316-21 10,647
	622	—	2,126
	642	—	3,625
	641	—	4,475
	691	—	1,456
	705	—	1,356
	708	—	4,294-9
	715	—	8,540
	731	—	10,102
	754	—	4,239
	770	—	13,246
	792	—	10,241
	806	—	1,522
X.	26	—	7,484
	113	—	13,568
	134	—	1,467 12,227

	V.		S. I.
X.	142	—	1,158
	173	—	8,615
	179	—	3,344
	198	—	8,598
	207	—	11,490
	225	—	7,428
	270	—	1,460
			9,445
	273	—	16, 99
	318	—	2,153
	319	—	4,637
	324	—	7,691
	333	—	10,136
	341	—	4,210
	348	—	17,439
			4,171
			9,569
	357	—	7,569
	361	—	4,351
			5,219
			9,322
	375	—	2,339
	390	—	2,636
	396	—	4,211
	405	—	7,364
			9,605
	427	—	5,329
			8,426
			10,222
	454	—	5,309
	464	—	2,475
	467	—	3,134
			9,375
	476	—	15,754
	488	—	2,129
	489	—	5,526
			9,383
			17,263
	501	—	7, 57
	503	—	5,601
	513	—	1,266
			9,379
	519	—	4,232

	V.		S. I.
X.	548	—	5,404
			2,403
	550	—	5,410
	563	—	1,393
	564	—	8,528
	565	—	4,275
	600	—	5,318
	611*sq.*	—	17,537*sq.*
	621	—	17,370
	633*sq.*	—	10,83*sq.*
	636	—	17,522*sq.*
	650	—	1,485
	666	—	17,558
	668*sq.*	—	12,282-92
	693	—	9,317
	707	—	1,421
	712	—	5,442
			9,611
	723	—	11,243
	739	—	13,371
	745	—	5,527
			7,633
	754	—	5,401
	770	—	11,207
	781	—	7,630
	784	—	4,290
	773	—	1, 58
			5,118
			5,126
			11,183
	789	—	4,454
	803	—	6,321
	830	—	5,561
	841	—	5,584
	860	—	4,264
			16,357
	861	—	11, 3
	885	—	2,170
			4,178
	887	—	4,619
	892	—	9,594
			17,134
	894	—	10,255

	V.		S. I.
XI.	24	—	15,394
	51	—	15,371
	64	—	10,560
	72	—	10,561
	96	—	10,572
	144	—	10,557 14,501
	153,160		6,585
	158	—	2,570-4
	259	—	2,653
	283	—	1,641
	285	—	7,147-50 10, 29
	301	—	11,501
	336	—	11,542
	338	—	8,248 8,260
	344	—	2,279
	396	—	5,107-13 12,501
	415	—	1,653
	424	—	9, 52
	441	—	7, 55
	462	—	12,172
	477	—	12,640-5 7,74-89
	497	—	16,363
	515	—	4,822
	608	—	4,101 12,651
	617	—	9,167
	637	—	7,614
	553	—	7,646
	659	—	2, 73 8,428
	649	—	2, 79
	669	—	5,577
	691	—	1,381
	679	—	8,521
	677	—	4,558
	731	—	1,454 9,245
	756	—	12, 58

	V.		S. I.
XI.	768	—	15,672-82
	785	—	5,175*sq.*
	809	—	7,717
	877	—	2,251
	883	—	13,249*sq.*
XII.	36	—	9,191
	50	—	11,394
	72	—	3,133
	84	—	13,116 16,335
	87	—	5,130-42
	101	—	5,275 9,562 9,444 10,106 11,219 11,327
	115	—	12,509
	131	—	1,561
	134	—	5,206
	244	—	4,103*sq.*
	274	—	7,624
	284	—	15,627
	322	—	5,657
	324	—	5,376*sq.*
	331	—	1,433 4,436 4,325
	334	—	4,442 7,458 9,300
	339	—	4,165
	362	—	5,467
	365	—	4,243 14,121
	367	—	15,714
	370	—	9,523
	372	—	4,239
	376	—	5,273 16,111
	383-424		5,344-75

V.		S. I.
XII. 386	—	6, 70 6, 79
432	—	15,353-61
435	—	3, 63
460	—	5,401
466	—	10, 43 17,517
493	—	16, 59
499	—	11,224
529	—	10,176
546	—	10,208
559	—	16,693
578	—	2, 37 9,327 15,765 16,66 17,407

V.		S. I.
XII. 643*sq.*	—	9,654
666	—	1,493
678	—	10,286
684	—	4,520 4,600
708	—	9,434
715	—	4,372
858	—	13,197
883	—	4,330
896	—	5,298 9,395
932	—	15,799
947	—	9,114 12,236

ON OLD MAIDS.

MR. EDITOR,

THERE are no individuals who labour under greater prejudices than Old Maids. They are generally considered as the most unfortunate and most miserable of human beings; and it is an idea very common amongst the illiberal part of our sex, that for a woman to want a husband, is to want every thing. They believe that if a woman does not marry, it is only because she cannot marry. They have so high an opinion of their own importance, and so mean a one of the female understanding, that they imagine it is hardly possible for women to exist without their blessed society. They estimate the whole sex by that part of it, with which they have been the best acquainted; and cannot conceive a woman can find happiness which is not of their contribution. An Old Maid serves them as a butt for their ridicule, and a bugbear to excite the fears of foolish girls. I allow, that an Old Bachelor does not experience a better treatment: our nurses take the utmost pains to inspire us with a hearty contempt for that character; and we can all recollect those sententious lines,

> " There was an Old Bachelor, and he liv'd all by himself,
> " And all the bread and cheese he had, he put upon a shelf."

But I cannot think there are so many allowances to be

made for them, as for the single of the other sex; and I shall therefore leave the lords of the creation to their own defence.

It is certain that these prejudices against Old Maids have had an unfavourable influence on the fair sex, and have given them an unreasonable prepossession against a single life. To boarding-school girls, the condition of an Old Maid appears the most melancholy upon earth: and it is thought the highest affront to any young lady, to imagine that such a dreadful destiny is likely to befall her. Envy, malignity, niggardliness, and hatred of the young, are supposed to be the inevitable attendants on a single life; and there are many people who will not believe you, when you tell them, that you know an Old Maid who is cheerful, generous, affectionate and benevolent. They regard such a character as a sort of *lusus naturæ;* and, when they are obliged to allow the reality of it, cry out, "Well, this is a wonder! Who would ever have thought of seeing *such* an Old Maid?" I am persuaded, however, that there is nothing inherent in the condition of a single life that should necessarily make a woman unhappy or ill-tempered. It will be found, I believe, to have advantages peculiar to itself. If it does not possess the comforts of the marriage-state, it is at least exempt from its evils; and, by those who observe the unhappiness which is produced by the union of persons of opposite dispositions, tempers, and habits, this will be allowed to be greatly in its favour. How often do we see an amiable young creature joined to a brute entirely insensible of her worth, who looks upon a wife as a necessary part of his establishment, but seeks for his entertainment at the gaming-house or the tavern! How many women are there who are obliged to bear with the ill-temper of the disappointed gamester, or with the peevishness of the diseased drunkard! How few husbands are there, who make the happiness of their wives an object of consideration, or who think it worth while to be at any pains in contributing to their pleasures!

On the score of independence, the balance is greatly in favour of the Old Maid. When a woman marries, she resigns herself completely to the authority of her husband; and though this may be no hardship in those couples,

> "Whom gentle stars unite, and in one fate
> "Their hearts, their fortunes, and their beings, blend,"

yet, where the lord and master is tyrannical and ill-tempered, it must be considered as one of the greatest misfortunes a human being can sustain. It is not uncommon to see a woman of sense united to a fool. What must she not suffer in being obliged to submit to the caprice of that man whose understanding she despises, in being a constant witness of the incapacity of one with whose fortune she is so intimately connected!

A single woman has it in her power to do more good than a married one. Restrained by no ties which can impede her exertions, her goodness may be more generally extended. Her income is at her own disposal; and she is at liberty to indulge her generous inclinations to the utmost of her power. Such an Old Maid is Miss ——. With an income of about half what the "Man of Ross" possessed, she equals him in the good she does with it. She is always busy in promoting the happiness of all around her. She acts the parts of clergyman, physician, and lawyer, to the poor of the village in which she lives. She is the delight of the young of every class, who confess they feel a pleasure in her company which the most favourite companions of their own age are incapable of affording. She is the happiest human being I ever knew, and the freest from all malignity or ill-humour. What was beautifully said of the life of the married pair, by Thomson, may, with equal justice, be applied to her's, which is truly

"Progressive virtue, and approving Heaven."

I am, Mr. Editor, your humble servant,

DOMESTICUS.

THE LETTERS OF DE CLAIRVILLE.

LETTER THE FIRST.

De Clairville to Rinaldo.

Welmoth Hall, Wales, March 6, 1809.

NEVER till now, my Rinaldo, was I so fully sensible of the value of thy friendship; never, till within the few last hours, did the idea that I had a faithful friend give to my heart such sensations of unadulterated pleasure.

Death, in robbing me of my remaining parent, my last and nearest relation, has concentrated my affections; in looking round the world to find one who takes interest in my fate, imagination fixes on Rinaldo, and I bow with gratitude and resignation to the will of Heaven, which, in making me an orphan, has yet enriched me with one of its greatest blessings. Yesterday put a period to the life of my father. This event, long foretold by infirmities that have been daily and rapidly increasing, did not surprise, though it affected me little less than if it had happened unexpectedly. After a painful night, spent in restlessness and anguish, which had reduced him to a state of the utmost debility, about five o'clock yesterday morning my father ordered his bed to be removed opposite the window, and the curtains of both to be undrawn, that he might, as he said, "take the last view of a scene upon which his eyes would soon be for ever closed." The sun was just rising from behind the eastern mountains. The cries of the water-fowl upon the lake, the carolling of the birds in the neighbouring woods, and the song of the labouring peasant as he went to his daily work;—O Rinaldo! had you beheld my father at this moment,——his languid countenance beamed with departing pleasure, and after a silence of some minutes, during which his heart seemed too full for utterance, he thus addressed me:—"There is scarcely any occasion, my Henry, to inform you, that in a few hours my life in this world will be brought to a close. I have seen the glorious luminary of Heaven rise for the last time; and before yon lake shall be illumined by his setting beams, you will have lost a father. Do not weep, De Clairville," seeing me unable to command my feelings, "death is to me no object of terror; for I have endeavoured so to spend the last twenty years of my existence, as to hope, when the struggle of nature shall be over, misery will be at an end. You, my Henry, I leave in the possession of a fortune, that will satisfy your desires, even when they exceed the bounds of moderation; but never let the seductive pleasures of prosperity and affluence make you forget that every thing on earth is unsettled and inconstant. I would say more, but I feel that"——Here he stopped, exhausted and fainting from the exertion, which his worn-out frame could scarcely support. After an affecting silence of some minutes, he took my hand; and pressing it between his, "Henry," said he, in a solemn tone, "if

in your future progress through life, you should ever meet with your mother, remember it is the last desire of your father, that you use every gentle method to induce her to return into the way of virtue. No errors of a parent, if they are once repented, can excuse an omission of filial duty. Should Providence, then, ever put it in your power, I charge you by every hope of future salvation, to make the last days of her I loved so tenderly as comfortable as you can. Tell her, my son," softening his voice, "that I forgive her from my soul; that to my last hour I ever remembered her with the affection of a husband; O Marianne!"——Contending emotions here choked his utterance; he lifted his eyes to Heaven, grasped my hand with a convulsive pressure, and after giving me his last blessing, in a few minutes,—my father was no more.—There have been hours, Rinaldo, in which the bare anticipation of this event has cast a sombre hue over the prospects of futurity. I imagined that, upon the death of my parent, the constant friend of my early years, my powers of enjoyment would be blunted: I believed that my grief, if not continually violent, might settle into a melancholy, which would bring me to the grave; and that the bell which should announce the dissolution of my father, would be to me the knell of all sublunary pleasures. Alas! who can rely on the stability of the human mind? Two days have only elapsed, since first I saw the corpse of the author of my being, and I find myself writing to you, not only without sorrow, but with tranquillity and satisfaction. I loved my father during his life, and did every thing in my power to comfort and to serve him; I cherish his memory with affection and respect; yet when I declare to you, that had I the power, I would not recall him to existence, I express the feelings of my heart, which, though hypocrisy might conceal, it cannot extinguish. At the age of eighteen, Rinaldo, I find myself master of a noble house, and a clear fortune of eight thousand a year. My father, ever since the misfortune which happened in my infancy, and at which he hinted in his last moments, has lived melancholy and retired, in this family mansion; he seldom permitted me to visit but at my cousin Sir John Weyburn's, and never willingly consented to my absence there, longer than for one week in the course of two months. The road of life now appears covered with flowers. Novelty inexhausted, and pleasures yet untasted,

are waiting to reward me for so long an abstinence. I have heard of cares and disappointments, of satiety and disgust, of the miseries of mankind, and the inconstancy of the world and terrestrial pursuits: incredulous that I am! why does not conviction accompany these terrible predictions? Why does inclination lead me to this whirlpool of dangers? Do not call me insensible, if the sweets of liberty have not yet made me regret the cause of their existence. In a week I shall bid adieu to Wales, and proceed to Weyburn-house, where having staid a few days, I intend to order a house, and go forward to London. How long I shall stay there, must depend on the attraction of its numerous pleasures. Do not however imagine that I am going to live the life of a voluptuous prodigal, or unprincipled debauchee: no, Rinaldo; if my native love of virtue is not sufficiently strong to withstand the temptations of the metropolis, the good spirit of my cousin, Julia Weyburn, shall preserve me from pollution. Two years have rolled away since I last saw this pretty cousin. What an alteration must have taken place in the person of a girl then only fifteen! Let me hear from you in three days, at least, my friend; and if time will permit, I will do you a like favour before I set out from home. In the mean time I must bid adieu to my father's pensioners. I have to wander by the side of my favourite lake, and to ramble over these 'woodland haunts,' where have been passed the peaceful days of my infancy and youth. Shall I be happier in the world, Rinaldo?

Yours, as ever,

HENRY DE CLAIRVILLE.

[*To be continued.*]

A REPLY TO THE PHILOSOPHICAL MAGAZINE,
on the Subject of Fourcroy's Chemical Philosophy.

[*Concluded from p.* 102.]

THE danger to be apprehended from ignorant critics, and indeed from ignorant scribblers of every description, is, that

"Stulti stultorum somnia sæpe legunt."

or

"Qu'un sot trouve toujours un plus sot qui l'admire."

The present censor has already told us, that respect for the science constitutes it a duty to detect and expose any works, which, under plausible titles (such, for instance, as the Philosophical Magazine), tend more to embarrass, perplex, and retard the progress of science, than to facilitate the acquirement, extension, or elucidation of its principles. He cannot therefore be surprised or offended if we continue to perform that irksome duty; for he must rejoice in the detection and exposition of dangerous errors, even those of his own visions.

To a mind in which disorder and confusion predominate, every thing like order, method, precision, and accuracy, must appear tediously minute. Of this our critic is a striking example.

It is reasonable to expect from every author of an elementary work, destined of course for persons unacquainted with the subject of it, an explanation of the order and plan according to which the work is arranged. This Fourcroy has done in a very perspicuous and satisfactory manner.

The critic, however, says, that "the author reduces the objects of his consideration to eight articles, which he enumerates. These articles, he then informs us, are again divided and subdivided, with tedious minuteness, and interlarded with fanciful and erroneous distinctions, which may bewilder, but certainly cannot assist, young students of chemical science: for instance, although it is acknowledged that (chemical) analysis is a division very different from that performed by mechanical instruments, the author makes a subjection of mechanical analysis (which the critic calls a solecism)."

But why has he disingenuously suppressed what the author adds, that "mechanical analysis is rather a mechanical division than a real analysis, and that he mentions it only with a view of comprising the first analytical processes employed to separate mixed matters, which the eye alone distinguishes." Is this criticising with candour? But where are the fanciful and erroneous distinctions, which may bewilder, but cannot assist, the student? What the author calls spontaneous analysis, or that effected naturally by fermentation or putrefaction, the critic says is more properly decomposition, as if that term alone necessarily implied spontaneity. He proceeds to enumerate, in a sarcastic tone, the distinctions mentioned by the author, as frequently to be met with in che-

mical writers; and then asks if it will be pretended that such futile, not to say erroneous distinctions, can either be necessary or useful to the perspicuity, precision, or elucidation of Chemical Philosophy? The answer is obvious. The author does not give those distinctions as inventions of his own, but as terms frequently used by chemical writers, with which consequently it is proper and necessary that the young student should be made acquainted. The author informs the Tiro, that analysis often receives its characteristic denomination from the nature of the bodies submitted to it, whether animal, mineral, or vegetal, &c. These denominations, he says, are too obvious to require a particular explanation, the name alone being sufficient to make them understood; the critic however informs us, that "they are to be particularly discussed."

In treating of the attractions of aggregation and composition, Fourcroy suggests the propriety of distinguishing *molules* from *particles*, terms often indiscriminately used by chemists; he explains the sense in which both might be understood, and adds, that if the definition and signification which he proposes for these terms were adopted, they would convey a very accurate idea of the two forces, which would be distinctly characterised by denominating attraction of aggregation *attraction particulaire* (attraction of particles), and the attraction of composition *attraction moleculaire*, molecular attraction.

The former is very properly translated *particulary* (not particular) *attraction*, which the critic disapproves; but to call it *particular* attraction, though the critic might prefer it, would be particularly foolish and insignificant.

The fastidious critic complains that "several sections are occupied in announcing the well-known fact (truth), that on our acquaintance with the operations of the affinities depends all our knowledge of the theory and practice of chemistry." But if this be a fundamental rule, and well known to all able chemists, there can be no danger in making it known to all those who wish to become able chemists.

It is truly irksome to have to wade after the critic through so much mire; but if any of his objections, however futile, remained unanswered, he and his dupes (for no doubt he has made some) might think them unanswerable.

He proceeds elegantly to inform us that Fourcroy has

fixed upon a method which divides all beings into eight grand classes, agreeable (for agreeably) to their characteristic compositions. These classes are, 1°. simple or indecomposable bodies: 2°. "binary compound deflagrated bodies," as the critic will have it; but the author or his translator calls them "binary burned bodies," an expression much more correct, more simple, and more intelligible to every class of readers, than the critic's affectedly pedantic and tautologous phrase, "binary compound deflagrated bodies:" every binary body is necessarily a compound; therefore this last epithet is a mere pleonasm, and the pedantic term "deflagrated," if it be not synonymous with that of "burned," would not accurately convey the author's meaning; and if the two terms are perfectly synonymous, the latter is indubitably preferable, being much more simple, more perspicuous, and universally understood.

He then comes to the author's classification of the phenomena of nature, which (including those of art) consists of a series of twelve sections; and this is what the critic so grossly misunderstood, or perverted, on a former occasion, when he stated it as Fourcroy's *implied* opinion that a classification of the above phenomena constitutes his Chemical Philosophy, to which unmeaning interpretation, however vague and indefinite, he did not object.

After copying the titles of the twelve sections, constituting the author's Chemical Philosophy, the critic informs us, that "Fourcroy, in common with many other authors, asserts that vegetals are capable of effecting a real decombustion of the air, and that their leaves, exposed to the rays of the sun, shed into the atmosphere a torrent of oxygen gas." Ellis, he adds, has sufficiently confuted these notions, and he refers us for a demonstration to his own authority (Phil. Mag. vol. 28. p. 273.) The critic may have been convinced by Ellis's argument, but others may require more satisfactory proof. It appears a bold assertion for any one to say positively, that vegetals are not, in any circumstance, capable of producing an effect ascribed to them, without demonstrating the physical impossibility of it: all that a modest and unassuming philosopher, as all real philosophers are, can say, is, that he has not been able to obtain or discover any oxygen gas from his experiments or observations; others, however, may have been more ingenious or more fortunate. But our philosophical critic, in his dogmatic petulance and

presumption, disdains such modest modes of philosophising.

He next gives us four pages of extracts from Fourcroy, after which he pertly observes that—

"The appearance of this improved edition of the Philosophy of Chemistry, as it has been very improperly called, in its English dress, induces us to wish that, like the French orator, the English orator of science, Mr. Davy, to whom this translation is dedicated, would devote some of his time to give an improved edition of his "Syllabus of Lectures," printed in 1802: we might then say that we have an elementary work on chemistry, worthy to rival the Chemical Philosophy of Mr. Fourcroy, and which might also be translated into eight living languages."

It is not easy to determine whether this be or not a malignant sneer directed against Mr. Davy and his Syllabus of 1802. If so, it is a most invidious and unjustifiable aggression against a man of genius, whose shoe-strings the critic will never be worthy to tie: but if it be meant earnestly, it is an explicit avowal, that we have hitherto no elementary work on chemistry worthy to rival the Chemical Philosophy of Fourcroy.

One question we would ask the philosophical critic is, where and by whom Fourcroy was not altogether undeservedly called *l'Orateur de Science*. Certainly not in France or by Frenchmen, for the expression is not French: and Fourcroy will never be flattered by so barbarous a denomination. The critic, no doubt, meant it as a compliment, but he should deal out his compliments in a language which he understood; for French he assuredly does not understand. This a few specimens will clearly shew.

In his Magazine for April 1807, page 225, where he presumes to give an account of the Journal des Mines, tom. xvi. page 351, containing these words "on peut conjecturer avec fondement que les (montagnes) volcaniques s'appuyent contre les neptuniennes," the meaning of which is, that "it may reasonably be conjectured, that the volcanic mountains rest upon or lean against the neptunian." This the philosophical critic and profound French scholar translates thus: "We may conjecture with good reason, that the volcanic theory will maintain itself against the neptunian." Thus perverting, at the same time, the obvious sense of the author, and convert-

ing a decided and resolute Neptunian into a flaming Vulcanist. Mons. G. A. de Luc, the author in question, was, as we may easily suppose, not a little hurt to find himself thus metamorphosed, and misrepresented. Again, " Il n'est pas étonnant que M. Humbolt n'y ait trouvé ni ardoise ni aucun vestige de granit, *cequi l'étonna surtout*, le granit occupant, dit-il, les plus, hautes parties du globe dans les zones temperées." The latter part of this sentence is thus translated : " but what is particularly astonishing is, as he says, that granite always occupies the highest parts of the globe, in the temperate zones." " Il n'a donc pas reconnu que dans cette partie de la cordeliere, tout y étant l'ouvrage des feux souterrains, il ne doit y paroitre aucune couche de roche naturelle." " *It is* not therefore at all ascertained, that in this part of the cordelier, every thing being the work of subterraneous fires, there is any bed of natural rocks." Journal des Mines, tom. xvi. p. 348. Philos. Mag. April, 1807, p. 223. In the next page " très bien" is rendered " tolerably well," which is intolerable.

" Il n'est aucun bois fossile agatisé qui ait aplus l'apparence de bois que l'auroit ce morceau s'il n'avoit pas encore son brillant vitreux :" " no fossil agatized wood has more the appearance of wood than this piece *has*, nor has it a vitreous lustre: instead of would present, had it not still preserved its vitreous lustre." Journal des. M. tom. xx. page 33. Phil. Mag. June 1807, p. 49.

It would be more easy, than useful or agreeable, to compile a large volume of similar *inepties*, *balourdises*, and *contresens*, from the critic's publications ; but the above will sufficiently shew what little reliance is to be placed on his judgment. He seems to have an insuperable antipathy to every thing regular and methodical: the *lucidus ordo* of Fourcroy's work appears to have dazzled him, and to have produced the same effect on his intellectual sight, as the glare of the sun at noon has on the eyes of a bat or an owl.

In recapitulating and summing up the substance of his opinion (if substance it may be called) of Fourcroy's work, he says: " The greatest defects of it, indeed, are, next to the omission of the characters of the gases, and of eudiometrical operations" (an omission which has no reality, as we have already seen) " *are a* multiplicity of divisions without distinctions, and distinctions without differences," (a most graceful and pithy climax !) " a su-

perabundance of terms frequently altogether unnecessary, and a general redundancy of words." He told us before, that the work ought to be rather entitled *a concise view*, than any thing else, but upon reconsideration, he finds it altogether unnecessarily superabundant, redundant, occasioned by an attempt at *excessive* perspicuity, which terminates either in confusion or inanity. Excessive perspicuity terminating either in confusion or inanity! how clever! The critic has certainly, more than once, made the author's perspicuity to terminate in confusion or inanity, by ignorantly perverting his perspicuous sense, sometimes by making it palpable nonsense.

We lament that he has not condescended to favour us with an example or two of what he calls divisions without distinctions, and distinctions without differences. It is a shame not to comprehend so pretty jingling a sentence; but we confess our want of comprehension. We are perfectly aware of the critic's dislike of distinctions, which he carries to such a degree as to reject even the grammatical distinctions between singular and plural, adverb and adjective, &c. He seems not to know that from the singular basis, or base, is formed the plural bases; and accordingly, in copying the very title of Fourcroy's work, he attempts to correct bases by substituting basis for it. The adjectives independent, agreeable, are used for the adverbs independently, agreeably; he confounds the discovery and formation of a theory from experience and observation with the application of that theory when established, &c.

Fourcroy's definitions, he dogmatically affirms, are in general either redundant, defective, or otherwise inadequate to convey precise notions of the things defined. We must be satisfied with the critic's bare assertion for all this. He has been rather unfortunate in the choice of the examples which he has already produced, every one of which he either grossly misunderstood through ignorance or want of attention, or perverted through design suggested by envy.

"Many things," he says, "in Fourcroy, are taken for granted as well-established facts, on which no direct and decisive experiments have been made:" a candid and unassuming critic would have either suppressed this sentence altogether, or modified it by adding "as far as he knew:" for as it now stands it is totally insignificant, except on the implied supposition of the critic's omni-

science and infallibility, which form no part of our creed.

He concludes this elaborate performance by saying, that notwithstanding these glaring defects, and many more on which it is unnecessary to dwell, the present volume presents such views, if not of the philosophy of chemistry, at least of the modern system of explaining the phenomena of nature, that every chemist will think it deserving his attentive perusal. He might, without any supernatural gift of prophecy, or second sight, have added that Fourcroy's work would be read with advantage, whilst his own contemptible productions would be consigned to the grocer's shop.

Were we not to distinguish Alexander the Macedonian from the Caledonian Alexander, though the latter will possibly call it a distinction without a difference, we might appeal from the sentence of Alexander drunk, to the judgment of Alexander sober. Alexander the Great might have had sufficient magnanimity to acknowledge and atone for his errors, but an effort so noble is not to be expected from the little Alexander Tilloch.

I am, Mr. Editor, your's,

G. D., VINDEX.

EXCURSION IN DERBYSHIRE.

[*Concluded from p.* 215.]

MY DEAR M. Derby, April 12, 1808.

I am just returned from Matlock, where, if ever I wrote a novel, I would lay the scene. It is the most romantic spot, "the sun in all his round surveys." I set out on my expedition yesterday morning on a palfry, which was but paltry, and proceeded *viâ* Kibleston, the seat of Lord Scarsdale, and Wirksworth, the seat of some business which called me that way, to Matlock. At Kibleston, I stopped to survey the beautiful house and park of Lord Scarsdale, the former containing some very valuable productions of art, and the latter presenting a charming variety of the paintings of nature. After losing my way in bye-roads, to the addition of some miles to my journey, I arrived at Wirksworth, and dined at the very bad inn, which was the best in the place. The part of some sherry wine, which I ordered, was played, I dare say, for the hundredth time, by some sparkling cider, mixed perhaps with a little brandy. The only circumstance

which made this wretched composition look like sherry, was the legitimate charge which it received in my reckoning of three shillings the pint. After tea, I rode on to Matlock, which is a very short distance from Wirksworth, The place burst upon me, after the level which I had been travelling, like the sublime of our best unequal poets; and, at its entrance, I could not help stopping my horse, as if I had mistaken the object of my destination. How much did I regret that it was so late in the day, that, in order to return to Derby that night, I could not afford time even to alight at Matlock. I paced my horse slowly through the Wells with a kind of mournful pleasure, that I could stay so short time in a place, with which I was so highly delighted; and this feeling, perhaps, increased the romantic disposition which the spot inspired. I rode backwards and forwards through every avenue of the place, and gazed at every view, as if I intended to carry it away in my eyes; or, as a countryman said to me, as I was once sketching Bodiam Castle, in Sussex, as if I were *taking out* the place. The natives, who, as it was Sunday, were pretty generally assembled outside their doors, seeing me enter the village, thread every part of it, gaze upon it in every direction, and depart without speaking to a soul, must have fancied me a spy, or one of those mysterious knights of romance with whom the circulating library may have made them acquainted. Without the pencil of Claude, I would not attempt to describe Matlock. Such a variety of rock, wood, water, cliff, lawn, and parterre, I never saw but in the fancy-composition of a painter. The different walks present new beauties at every turn, and, from the constant interchange of hill and dale, which is the character of the place, those beauties seem to rise before you on purpose to be admired. The scenery ranges itself like plants in a greenhouse, each object in the most favourable position, not only for itself, but for the whole, to be seen. I have not yet visited the spot, which I should prefer as a residence to Matlock.

It was considerably after dark, when, without again wandering from my road, I re-entered Derby, greatly charmed with my excursion, in the course of which I estimated myself to have ridden, aberrations and all, nearly forty miles. Why did I abuse my horse?

The ascent of All-Saints' Church steeple, with which I

threatened you in my last letter, has furnished me with nothing worth remarking; and my other rambles in this neighbourhood were very short, and for no other object than business. I have taken my place in the London mail, and cannot do better than let Matlock conclude this liitle account of my excursion in Derbyshire.

I am, my dear M——,
Your's very truly,

———.

SELECTIONS
FROM
ANCIENT ENGLISH POETRY.

No. III.

GEORGE WITHER.

Of this poet and pamphleteer of the reign of James I., the reader will find sufficient biography in Wood's Athenæ Oxoniensis, Vol. II. p. 391, in Mr. Dalrymple's "Extracts from Wither's Juvenilia," in an excellent paper by the present Selector's friend, Mr. Gilchrist, published in the Gentleman's Magazine, vol. lxx. p. 1149, in Ellis's Specimens, vol. iii. p. 82. and in Censura Literaria, vol i. p. 42, vol. ii. pp. 255 and 284, and vol. vi. pp. 42 and 268. The reader will here too find various specimens of the poet's genius, and will lament that the intention of Mr. Dalrymple's "Extracts," which was to "promote a republication of the Juvenilia," has not been carried into effect. These "Extracts" are now indeed almost as scarce as the "Juvenilia" themselves; and the other poems and prose works of Wither are still scarcer. The present Selector will confine his extracts to the "Juvenilia," with a copy of which he is kindly assisted by Mr. Gilchrist; and on account of the rarity of Mr. Dalrymple's "Extracts," of which the Selector himself has a copy, he shall not scruple to repeat such of those "Extracts" as he thinks proper. Wither cannot be better criticised than in the language of Mr. Dalrymple. "The Editor (says he) will venture to say that the poem "Fair Virtue, the mistress of Philarete," contains a more perfect system of female tuition than is any where else to be fouud. Wither's pen flows as freely with becoming praise, as biting satire; and was always employed in the cause of virtue: there is, in his works,

uncommon strength of mind and peculiarity of thought, often most happily expressed."—" If poetry be the power of commanding the imagination, conveyed in measured language and expressive epithets, Wither was truly a poet. Perhaps there is nowhere to be found a greater variety of English measure than in his writings; or (Shakspeare excepted) more energy of thought, or more frequent developement of the delicate filaments of the human heart. One modern versifier complained that Wither's verse was rough: on the other hand, a lady, who is mistress of all the modulation of sweet sounds, admired how the lines run into each other, with the beauty of blank verse, without losing the spirit of the lyric measure. Attention to the old English Poets will clearly shew, that there was a greater variety admitted, in pronunciation and accent, than is allowed in modern versification: the ear which cannot conform itself to the ancient practice, but is bound in the silken traces of modern verse, may be offended sometimes with the early poets; and in every reader it will require a habit and use before the ear attains the complete practice without which many lines will appear prosaic. Words also become obsolete, or, what is worse, appropriated to vulgar ideas only: such will ever be a stumbling-block to a reader without genius."

FROM THE MISTRESS OF PHILARETE.

You that at a blush can tell
Where the best perfections dwell,
And the substance can conjecture
By a shadow, or a picture,
Come and try if you by this,
Know my mistress, who she is.
For though I am far unable
Here to match Apelles' table,
Or draw Zeuxis' cunning lines,
Who so painted Bacchus' vines,
That the hungry birds did muster
Round the counterfeited cluster;
Though I vaunt not to inherit
Petrarch's yet-unequall'd spirit;
Nor to quaff the sacred well
Half so deep as Astrophel;
Though the much-commended Celia,
Lovely Laura, Stella, Delia,
(Who in former times excell'd,)
Live in lines unparallel'd,
Making us believe 'twere much
Earth should yield another such;

Yet, assisted but by Nature,
I essay to paint a creature,
Whose rare worth, in future years,
Shall be prais'd as much as their's.
Nor let any think amiss,
That I have presum'd in this;
For a gentle nymph is she,
And hath often honour'd me.
She's a noble spark of light,
In each part so exquisite,
Had she in time passed been,
They had made her Beauty's Queen.
Then, shall cowardly despair
Let the most unblemish'd fair,
(For default of some poor art
Which her favour may impart,)
And the sweetest beauty fade
That was ever born or made?
Shall, of all the fair ones, she
Only, so unhappy be,
As to live in such a time,
In so rude, so dull, a clime,
Where no spirit can ascend
High enough to apprehend
Her unprized excellence,
Which lies hid from common sense?
Never shall a stain so vile
Blemish this, our poet's isle.
I myself will rather run
And seek out for Helicon;
I will wash and make me clean
In the waves of Hippocrene;
And in spite of Fortune's bars
Climb the hill that braves the stars,
Where if I can get no muse
That will any skill infuse,
Or my just attempts prefer,
I will make a muse of her,
Whose kind heart shall soon distill
Art into my ruder quill.
By her favour I will gain
Help to reach so rare a strain,
That the learned hills shall wonder
How the untaught valleys under
Met with raptures so divine,
Without knowledge of the Nine.
I that am a shepherd's swain,
Piping on the lowly plain,
And no other music can,
Than what I have learn'd of Pan.
I, who never sung the lays
That deserve Apollo's bays,
Hope not only here to frame
Measures which shall keep her name

From the spite of wasting times,
But, enshrin'd in sacred rhymes,
Place her where her form divine
Shall to after-ages shine,
And, without respect of odds,
Vie renown with demi-gods.
  Then, whilst of her praise I sing,
Hearken valley, grove, and spring;
Listen to me, sacred fountains,
Solitary rocks and mountains,
Satyrs, and you wanton elves,
That do nightly sport yourselves.
Shepherds, you, that on the reed
Whistle, while your lambs do feed,
Aged woods, and floods, that know
What hath been long times ago,
Your more serious notes among,
Hear how I can in my song
Set a nymph's perfections forth;
And when you have heard her worth,
Say if such another lass
Ever known to mortal was.
  Listen lordings, you that most
Of your outward honours boast,
And you gallants, that think scorn
We to lowly fortunes born
Should attain to any graces,
Where you look for sweet embraces,
See if all those vanities,
Whereon your affection lies,
Or the titles, or the power
By your fathers' virtues your,
Can your mistresses enshrine
In such state as I will mine,
Who am forced to importune
Favours in despite of Fortune.
  Beauties listen, chiefly you
That yet know not virtue's due,
You that think there are no sports,
Nor no honours but in courts,
(Though of thousands there lives not
Two but die and are forgot,)
See if any palace yields
Ought more glorious than the fields;
And consider well, if we
May not as high-flying be
In our thoughts, as you that sing
In the chambers of a king;
See if our contented minds,
Whom ambition never blinds,
(We that, clad in home-spun grey
On our own sweet meadow play,)
Cannot honour, if we please,
Where we list, as well as these;

Or as well of worth approve,
Or with equal passion love;
See if beauties may not touch
Our soon-loving hearts as much,
Or our services effect
Favours, with as true respect
In your good conceits to rise,
As our painted butterflies.
And you fairest give her room,
When your sex's pride doth come.
For that subject of my song,
I invoke these groves among
To be witness of my lays,
Which I carol in her praise:
And because she soon will see
If my measures faulty be,
Whilst I chaunt them let each rhyme
Keep a well-proportion'd time;
And with strains that are divine
Meet her thoughts in ev'ry line.
Let each accent there present
To her soul a new content,
And with ravishings so seize her
She may feel the height of pleasure.
You enchanting spells that lie
Lurking in sweet poesy,
And to none else will appear
But to those that worthy are,
Make her know there is a pow'r,
Ruling in those charms of your,
That transcends, a thousand heights,
Ordinary men's delights,
And can leave within her breast,
Pleasures not to be express'd.
Let her linger on each strain
As if she would hear't again,
And were loath to part from thence
Till she had the quintessence
Out of each conceit she meets,
And had stor'd her with those sweets.
Make her by your art to see
I, that am her swain, was he
Unto whom all beauties here
Were alike and equal dear:
That I could of freedom boast,
And of favours with the most,
Yet now, nothing more affecting,
Sing of her, the rest neglecting.
Make her heart, with full compassion,
Judge the merit of true passion,
And as much my love prefer,
As I strive to honour her.
Lastly, you that will I know
Hear me, whe'er you should or no,

You that seek to turn all flow'rs,
By your breath's infectious pow'rs,
Into such rank loathsome weeds,
As your duughill-nature breeds,
Let your hearts be chaste, or here
Come not till you purge them clear.
If you bring a modest mind,
You shall nought immodest find.

SONG.

[From 12 Stanzas.]

Come my Muse, if thou disdain,
All my comforts are bereft me,
No delight doth now remain,
I nor friend, nor flock have left me,
They are scatter'd on the plain.

I have wept and sighed too
For compassion to make trial,
Yea, done all that words could do
Yet have nothing but denial.
What way is there then to woo?

Shall I swear, protest, and vow?
So I have done most extremely.
Should I die? I know not how;
For from all attempts unseemly
Love and Virtue keep me now.

I have heard that Time prevails,
Yet I fear me 'tis a fable:
Time and all endeavour fails;
To bear more my heart's unable,
Yet none careth what it ails.

Lines to some have op'd the door,
And got entrance for affection:
Words well spoken much implore
By the gesture's good direction:
But a look doth ten times more.

'Tis the eye that only reads
To the heart Love's deepest lectures;
By a moving look it pleads
More than common sense conjectures;
And a way to pity leads.

This I knowing, did observe,
Both by words and looks complaining,
Yet for pity I may starve:
There's no hope of my obtaining,
Till I better can deserve.

Yea, and he, that thinks to win
By desert may be deceiv'd;
For they, who have the worthiest been,
Of their right have been bereav'd,
And a groom admitted in.

Therefore, Muse, to thee I call;
Thou, since nothing else avails me,
Must redeem me from my thrall.
If thy sweet enchantment fails me,
Then adieu, love, life and all.

POPE'S HOMER.

MR. EDITOR,

Is it not rather surprising, that so correct a writer as Pope, should introduce a direct anti-climax in the translation of a passage, which, in its original author, was intended to be, and in reality is, a direct climax? Thus, in Homer, we frequently find Jupiter designated by the phrase "πατηρ ανδρων τε θεων τε," which is evidently a climax, if we acknowledge the heathen gods to have been at all superior to men. But by the translator, the order of the words is inverted, and we are continually meeting with "*the sire of gods and men.*"

As no reason can be assigned for such an anti-climax, it certainly ought not to have been admitted into so noble a work as Pope's translation of the Iliad.

I am, Mr. Editor, your humble servant,

HOMERICUS.

HOMER.

MR. EDITOR,

The question of your correspondent *Homericus* may easily be answered by a reference to Damm's lexicon for Homer aud Pindar. That learned philologist, with a degree of patient industry truly German, has quoted, or referred to, every passage in both his authors, which contains the word he explains, in alphabetical arrangement; and, under the word βοην, he explains βοην αγαθος, to mean *bonus et præstans pugnis, addita tamen semper idea ducis;* for βοη originally signifies *clamor;* and, metaphorically, *war.* *Homericus* is mistaken, when he says, that the phrase βοην αγαθος, is never applied to either Stentor or Diomed; for the latter is thrice called βοην αγαθος Διομηδης, B, 563, 567. E, 347. Should your correspondent not have Damm's lexicon to refer to, I will give him the substance of all that he has said on the word Βοη, to satisfy him that it is used by Homer to signify both in the sense of *war* and *voice.*

I remain, &c.

Hartford, near Morpeth, March 11, 1809. W. BURDON.

ANTIDOTE TO LITTLE'S POMFS.

[*Concluded from p.* 208.]

THE poem "To Mrs. ———," p. 86, next to Pope's Eloisa and Abelard, is the most injurious poem in the English language. It excites all the pity for ungoverned passion, which that celebrated poem is calculated to command, and as it is a counterpart to it in idea, is undoubtedly such in evil tendency. In addition to its general imitation of Pope's poem, the following parallel passages may be pointed out:

"Ev'n then in all that rich delusion,
"When by voluptuous visions fir'd,
"My soul in rapture's warm confusion,
"Has on a phantom's lip expir'd!
"* * * * * * * * * * * * * * * *
"——sigh'd to feel it all again." LITTLE.

"I hear thee, view thee, gaze o'er all thy charms,
"And round thy phantom glue my clasping arms:
"I wake:—no more I hear, no more I view;
"The phantom flies me, as unkind as you.
"I call aloud; it hears not what I say;
"I stretch my empty arms; it glides away:
"To dream once more, I close my willing eyes;
"Ye soft illusions, dear deceits, arise!" POPE.

"We sunk beneath the flow of soul." LITTLE.
"The feast of reason and the flow of soul." POPE.

"And ev'n the name of Deity,
"Is murmur'd out in sighs for thee." LITTLE.
"Thy image steals between my God and me." POPE.

The Elegiac Stanzas which follow, are morally pure, and poetically easy. The first four are a paraphrase of Goldsmith's lines:

"In all my wand'rings thro' this world of care,
"In all my griefs (and God has giv'n my share)
"I still had hopes," &c. *Deserted Village.*

The "mail coach adventure," entitled "Fanny of Timmol," does not appear to be the most natural that could be invented. A girl of Timmol meets a fellow-traveller in a mail-coach; sups with him; tells her story; and then "goes back to Timmol again!" The moral exclamation, with which the verses conclude, is not very consistent with the lawless voluptuousness of the whole volume.

"You check'd me so softly, that while you refus'd,
"Forgive me, dear girl, if I thought 'twas consenting." LITTLE.

" So sweetly she bade me adieu,
" I thought that she bade me return." SHENSTONE.

Then follows " A Night Thought." The author does not excel in similies. If the moon wished " to steal along the waste of night," a desire which it never appeared to the present writer to possess, it ought to be thankful to the " clouds" for " obscuring" it; and surely

" The timid heart, which only longs
" To live and die unseen,"

cannot quarrel with any " wrongs" that may " *obscure*" it.

The first of the " Elegiac Stanzas" which succeed, is a mere repetition of the first of those at p. 59, of the author's work; and the idea of both seems to be borrowed from that beautiful lamentation of Job. " For now should I have lain still and been quiet, I should have slept: then had I been at rest. There the wicked cease from troubling; and there the weary be at rest." Job. ch. 3. ver. 13, 17. The idea in the last stanza, such as it is, is from a song in Shakspeare's Twelfth Night:

" Not a friend, not a friend greet
" My poor corpse, where my bones shall be thrown:
" A thousand thousand *sighs* to save,
" Lay me, O, where,
" Sad true-lover ne'er find my grave
" To weep there."

It is not very clear how a meeting so luxurious as that described in " the kiss," can enable the poet

———" in ev'ry glance, to drink
" The rich o'erflowings of the *mind*."

A sonnet of Drayton might have floated in Moore's recollection while he wrote the poem " To ——," p. 99. That sonnet is however more of the Horace and Lydia kind, than Moore's verses; but its commencement is worth transcribing opposite them.

" Since there's no help, come let us kiss and part:
" Nay, I have done; you get no more of me;
" And I am glad, yea glad with all my heart,
" That thus so cleanly I myself can free;
" Shake hands for ever, cancel all our vows,
" And when we meet at any time again,
" Be it not seen in either of our brows
" That we one jot of former love retain."

" Yet when some better-fated youth
" Shall with his am'rous parly move thee,
" Reflect one moment on his truth
Who dying thus, persists to love thee." PRIOR.

" Then let us free each other's soul,
" And laugh at the dull constant fool,
" Who would love's liberty controul,
" And teach us how to whine by rule.
* * * * * * *
" Thyrsis expects you in yon grove,
" And pretty Chloris stays for me." PRIOR.

" Tis not that I expect to find
" A more devoted fond and true one,
" With rosier cheeks, or sweeter mind—
" Enough for me that she's a new one."—LITTLE.

" 'Tis not because I love you less,
" Or think you not a true one;
" But if the truth I must confess,
" I always lov'd a new one."—ROWE.

The " Invitation to supper" is addressed to Julia, under the title of "Mrs.——." It has all the faults, and few of the beauties of the Latin poets, from whom it is imitated. In point of libertinism, it " betters the instructions" of Horace, Catullus, and Tibullus put together. What can we fancy, when we hear of a girl,

" With eyes of fire, and lips of dew?"

Julia is to

"—brim a sparkling glass,"

by way of being

"—elegant in mirth."

How sentimental a lover is he, who promises his mistress, to sing her

—" songs address'd, *as if* de lov'd,
" To *all* the girl with whom he's rov'd."

The " Ode *upon* Morning" rather lifts the veil *from* Night. In vain does " Night," as the author says she does,

" ——— fix her seal
" Upon the eyes lips of men,"

if the amatory poet is to draw the curtains of the bed-chamber, and inflame his readers with such verses as these. The idea is from Ovid's Elegies. Book i. Eleg. 13.

" While ev'n the planets seem'd to wink."—LITTLE.

" The stars do wink as 'twere with overwatching."—SHAKSPEARE.

"—those celestial spheres
" Which make sweet music all the night,
" Unheard by drowsy mortal ears." LITTLE.

" There's not the smallest orb, which thou behold'st,
" But in his motion like an angel sings,
" Still quiring to the young-ey'd cherubim."—SHAKSPEARE.

The author in the succeeding " Song," shews himself as justly qualified for the laureatship of a mess-room as

for that of a brothel. The song, such as it is, imitates the author's own "Catalogue" in a future page, and has an eye to Sheridan's "Here's to the maiden," in the School for Scandal.

The extravagant poem "without a name" at p. 112. is in the style of the last century, and is as much more to be tolerated, than the generality of the author's poems, as lying is to be preferred to seduction.

In the next "Song" however, there is very little that is objectionable, and a great deal that is pathetic.

The "third is like the former." The idea of this "Song" may have been borrowed from a Sonnet of Lovelace:

"When I by thy fair shape did swear
"(And mingled with each vow a tear)
"I lov'd, I lov'd thee best,
"I swore as I profest;
For all the while you lasted warm and pure,
"My oaths too did endure;
"But once turn'd faithless to thyself, and old,
"They then with thee incessantly grew cold."

"If I swear by that eye, you'll allow,
"Its look is so shifting and new,
"That the oath I might take on it now
"The very next glance wood undo."—LITTLE.

"Etsi perque suos fallax jurarit ocellos,
* * * * * * * *
"Nulla fides inerit."—TIBUL.

Mr. Moore has given us something like the last idea of this Song before, in his Elegiac Stanzas, p. 90.

"Close as the fondest links could strain,
"'T win'd with my very heart he grew;
"And by that fate which breaks the chain,
"The heart is almost broken too!"

The luscious poem entitled "Julia's kiss," is like a surfeit of honey. The idea of scenting a kiss with a sigh, is like

"A draught of sun-beam steep'd in dew."

The poet who could write such verses as those at p. 119, "To—," deserves to be tried in the Court of Parnassus for Crim. Con.

"Whose *heart respires* for only thee."—LITTLE.

The anatomists of London, are informed, that is the "heart" that "respires" and not the lungs. "*Nous avons changs tout ca.*"

In the next poem we find a new doctrine of atonement, as in the last we had a new system of physiology.

" *A sigh from* my *Bessy* shall *plead* then above,
" And a *kiss* be our *passport* to Heaven."

Much virtue in a sigh and a kiss! Need the latter be scented with the former?

The author is very fond of attributing all his follies to the deity. He has read Chaulieu, and should have remembered those lines—

Après tant de bienfaits, quoi! j'aurai l'insolence
Dans un mer d'erreurs plongé dès mon enfance
Par l'imbécille amas des femmes * * *
A cet être parfait d'imputer mes défauts!

The third stanza of the "Song" is from Tibullus again like the author's "Love in a Storm."

" Thy last fading glance shall illumine the way."—LITTLE.

" Te sequar; obscurum per iter dux ibit eunte
" Fidus amor, tenebras Lampade discutiens."—JORTIN.

In the next "Song" we have the "*dewy sunbeam*" again! the author is here a necessitarian.

The next is rather "rhyme-fetter'd." "Girl" and "squirrel," in the first stanza, are by no means happy combinations of sound; and it is plain, that the lover's happiness is pressed into the apellation of "sunny weather" in the second, only for the purpose of rhyming with "together."

The idea of "the Catalogue" is from Cowley's "Chronicle," which had its origin in Anacreon's Ode, "Ει φυλλα παντα δενδρων." Cowley's poem has more wit, if this has more nature. Inconstancy is, however, the dark side of human-nature: the poet measures, not weighs, his love. The attempted point, with which the second stanza concludes,

" I have had it *by rote* very often before,
" But never *by heart* until now,"

is in Mr. Moore's usual style of unhappiness. The phrases, *by rote* and *by heart*, mean, in their scholastic acceptation, precisely the same thing.

" Kitty could fancy the rest."—LITTLE.

" Give all thou can'st, and let me dream the rest."—POPE.

" So I left this young Sappho, and hasten'd to fly
" To those sweeter logicians in bliss,
" Who argue the point, with a soul-telling eye,
" And convince us at once with a kiss."—LITTLE.

" Her husband the relater she preferr'd
" Before the angel, and of him to ask,
" Chose rather; he, she knew, would intermix
" Grateful digressions, and *solve high dispute*

" *With conjugal caresses:* from his lip
" Not words alone pleas'd her."—MILTON.

Of the rhapsody called " A Fragment," in which however there is much poetry, it is necessary to quote only the concluding quatrain :

" Oh! dying thus a death of love,
" To heav'n how *dearly* should I go!"

Dearly indeed!

" He well might hope for joys above,
" Who had begun them here below!"

This does not at all follow. Why ought a man to expect five hundred pounds, because he had just received five?

The ideas and language of the next " Song," may be found in Ossian's Songs of Selma; and the idea in the last stanza of the evening-star's guidance to the lover is taken from Bion's Hymn to that star.

The idea of the next " Song" is from Prior's Song, beginning

" Dear Chloe, while thus beyond measure."

The very name of Chloe is preserved.

She who would take the Poem called " The Shrine" as an apology for the author's inconstancy, would only foster an idea, which Prior had expressed before him, and Shakspeare before Prior.

" My heart with her, but as guest-wise sojourn'd;
" And now to Helen is at home return'd;
" There to remain." SHAKSPEARE.

" So when I am weary'd with wand'ring all day,
" To thee my delight in the evening I come:
" No matter what beauties I saw in way,
" They were but my visits, but thou art my home." PRIOR.

So also a Song by Sir William Yonge.

The Song, p. 164, is addressed to a " Mary;" and and had not the poet " but said" here " what he says very often to many," would be beautiful and pathetic. The present writer could not help smiling, when he came to the lines,

" Few have ever lov'd *like me*;
" Oh! I have lov'd thee *too sincerely!*"

The last " Song" is the most ancient of all antiques. Its extravagance is well ridiculed by Johnson's Ode to Lyce.

" Why are solar beams so bright?
" That they may seem thy golden hair." LITTLE.

" And for no cause else hold we gold so deare
" But that it is so like unto thy haire." DRAYTON.

ADDITIONAL PARALLELS.

" Give me, my love, that billing kiss." LITTLE.

" Give me the billing kiss, that of the dove,
" A kiss of love."
LORD HERBERT OF CHERBERY.

" Beam, yet beam that killing eye,
" Bid me expire in luscious pain;
" But kiss me, kiss me while I die,
" And oh! I live again!
" Still, my love, with looking kill,
" And oh! revive with kisses still." LITTLE.
" Let timely kisses call to life again,
" Him whom thy eyes have planet-strucken slain."
LORD HERBERT OF CHERBERY.

†††

GREEK PLAGIARISMS OF HORACE.

MR. EDITOR,

I KNOW it has been deemed by some an invidious task to point out parallel passages in two different authors, as arising from a desire of degrading the imitator in the estimation of his readers. But I am much mistaken if this charge is not principally advanced by those who are conscious of being themselves liable to detection in their imitations, and frequently barefaced plagiarisms, for which they have no other excuse than Puff, in the Critic, " that two people happened to hit on the same thought,—and Shakspeare made use of it first."—There is no doubt that a coincidence of sentiments may occur to two writers, particularly to two writers who copy nature: we have a thousand instances of it in Shakspeare; but even in this case it is a pleasing task to observe these coincidences, and to remark, at the same time, the variation of the expressions in which they are clothed.

For this reason, Mr. Editor, I shall offer for insertion in your CABINET, a few imitations, or coincidences of sentiments (whichever you will), which occurred to my recollection in reading through the works of Horace.

I am, Sir, your humble servant,
GRAIUS.

" Vis consilî expers mole ruit suâ." *Hor. Od.* 4. *lib.* 3.

This sentiment is exactly similar to the following in Pindar:

" Βια δε και μεγαλαυκον εσφα-
" -λεν εν χρονω." *Pind. Pyth. Od.* 8.

It is a further coincidence, that both poets have illustrated these remarks by the example of Typhon and the rebellious giants.

" Pallida mors æquo pulsat pede pauperum tabernas,
" Regumque turres." *Hor. Od.* 4. *lib.* 1.

" Αφνεω πενιχρω τε θανατω
" Παρα σαμα νεονται." *Pind. Nem. Od.* 7.

" ———micat inter omnes
" Julium sidus, *velut inter ignes*
" *Luna minores.*" *Hor Od.* 12. *lib.* 1.

" ———λαμπει, αωσφρω θα-
" -ητω ως αςροις εν αλλοις. *Pind. Isthm.* 4.

" Nemo tam Divos habuit faventes,
" Crastinum ut possit sibi polliceri." *Hor. Od.*

" Βροτοις απασι καταθανειν οφειλεται·
" Κου εσι θνητων, οσις εξεπισαται
" Την αυριον μελλουσαν ει βιωσεται." *Euripides.*

" Nullus argento color est, avaris
" Abditæ terris inimice lamnæ.
" Crispe Sallusti, nisi temperato
" Spendeat usu." *Hor. Od.* 2. *lib.* 2.

" Ουκ εραμαι πολυν εν μεγαρω πλου-
" -τον κατακρυψαις εχειν·
" Αλλ' εοντων, ευ τε παθειν, και ακου-
" -σαι, φιλοις εξαρκεων." *Pind. Nem. Od.* 1,

" ———cras vel atrâ
" Nube polum Pater occupato,
" Vel sole puro: non tamen irritum,
" Quodcunque retrò est, efficiet; neque
" Diffinget infectumque reddet,
" Quod fugiens semel hora vexit." *Hor. Od.* 29. *lib.* 3.

" ———των δε πεπραγμενων
" Εν δικα τε κας παρα δικαν:
" Αποιητον κεθ' αν
" Χρονω, ο παντων πατηρ,
" Δυναιτο θεμεν εργον τελος." *Pind. Olymp. Od.* 2.

" Quicquid sub terrâ est. in apricum proferet ætas;
" Defodiet condetque nitentia." *Hor. Epist.* 6. *lib.* 1.

" Απανθ' ο μακρος καναριθμητος χρονος
" Φυει τ' αδηλα, και φανεντα κρυπτεται."
Sophocles.

" Nulla placere diu, nec vivere carmina possunt,
" Quæ scribuntur aquæ potoribus."

Hor. Epist. 19. *lib.* 1.

This sentiment, Horace himself tells us, is borrowed from Cratinus:—

" Οινῳ τοι χαριεντι μεγας πελει ιππῳ αοιδω.
" Υδωρ δε πινων, καλον ϑ τεκοις επῳ."

" Fæcundi calices quem non fecere disertum?"

Hor. Sat.

" Θαρταλεα παρα
" Κρητηρα φωνα γινεται." *Pind. Nem. Od.* 9.

THE COMMON-PLACE-BOOK.

No. IV.

A HINT TO MODERN DRAMATISTS.

Dr. Johnson, in his criticism on the Merry Wives of Windsor, has the following observations: " Whether Shakspeare was the first that produced upon the English stage the effect of language distorted and depraved by provincial or foreign pronunciation, I cannot certainly decide. This mode of forming ridiculous charcters *can confer praise only on him who originally discovered it,* for it requires not much of either wit or judgment: its success must be derived almost wholly from the player, but its power in a skilful mouth, even he that despises it is unable to resist."

STATIUS AND COLLINS.

It is probable, that Collins, in his Ode to Mercy, had in view a passage in the third Thebaid of Statius.

O thou, * * * * * * * * *
Who oft with songs, divine to hear,
Winn'st from his (Valour's) fatal grasp the spear,
And hid'st in wreaths of flow'rs his bloodless sword!
* * * * * * * *
When he, whom ev'n our joys provoke,
The fiend of nature join'd his yoke,
And rush'd in wrath to make our isle his prey;
Thy form, from out thy sweet abode,
O'ertook him on his blasted road,
And stopp'd his wheels, and look'd his rage away.

I see recoil his sable steeds,
That bore him swift to savage deeds,
Thy tender melting eyes they own.

Gaudet ovans jussis, et adhuc temone calenti
Fervidus, in lævum torquet Gradivus habenas.
Jamque iter extremum, cœlique abrupta tenebat,
Cùm Venus ante ipsos nulla formidine gressum
Figit equos. cessere retro, jam jamque rigentes
Suppliciter posuere jubas. tunc pectora summo
Acclinata jugo, vultumque obliqua madentem,
Incipit: * * * * * * * * * *
* * * *. lacrymas non pertulit ultra
Bellipotens. hastam lævâ transumit, et alto
(Haud mora) desiluit curru: clypeoque receptam
Lædit in amplexu, dictisque ita mulcet amicis:
" O mihi, bellorum requies, et sacra voluptas,
" Unaque pax animo; soli cui tanta potestas
" Divorumque hominumque meis occurrere telis
" Impune, et mediâ, quamvis in cæde frementes,
" Hos assistere equos, hunc ensem avellere dextrâ."

THEB. III, 260, 291.

BRYDGES'S PHILLIPS'S THEATRUM POETARUM.

It is somewhat astonishing, accurate as Sir Egerton Brydges is in general, that to Phillips's account of George Etheridge, the author of Love in a Tub, that editor should have added a biography which is the Life of George Etheridge, the tutor of Richard Edwards, and not of the author of Love in a Tub. George Etheridge, according to Sir Egerton Brydges, died in 1588, and Love in a Tub did not appear till 1669.

Sir Egerton Bridges might have seen that Phillips's book, published in 1675, expressly calls " George Etheridge, a comical writer of the *present* age." The article, therefore, instead of being placed in that volume of Sir Egerton's edition, which goes down only " to the close of the Reign of Queen Elizabeth," should have waited for insertion in the second volume which the editor has announced.

EURIPIDES AND SOCRATES.

Euripides in almost all his plays has taken occasion to inveigh against women. He was however married twice. Perhaps he spoke from experience. It is thought that Socrates assisted him in the composition of his dramas; and Socrates might take this opportunity of complimenting Xantippe. If indeed there are any passages written by Socrates, it should seem they are those which satirize women.

SELF-LOVE.

Cowley is ludicrously anxious to prove in his Davideis that David had yellow hair, because he had himself, as appears from his Mistress.

" If yellow-hair'd, I love, lest it should be,
" Th' excuse to others for not loving me."

FLATTERY.

Don Quevedo's Visions are a strong satire on the vices of all orders and professions. There is great vigour in his humour: the duennas and the poets seem to have the greatest share of his invective. " *Vineta cedit sua.*" But in the midst of all this satire, in the very depths of hell, and out of the mouth of a devil, he contrives to pay the highest compliments to the tyrant Philip the Fourth.

SIDNEY AND GOLDSMITH.

The characters of the Vicar of Wakefield's two daughters seem to be copied from the Pamela and Philoclea of the Arcadia.

REVIEW OF BOOKS.

" Vir bonus ac prudens versus reprendet inertes;
" Culpabit duros; incomptis adlinet atrum
" Transverso calamo signum; ambitiosa recidet
" Ornamenta; parum claris lucem dare coget;
" Arguet ambiguè dictum; mutanda notabit;
" Fiet Aristarchus: non dicet, cur ego amicum
" Offendam in nugis? Hæ nugæ seria ducent
" In mala derisum semel, exceptumqoe sinistrè."

HOR. *Ars Poet.*

Memoirs of the Life and Writings of Sir Philip Sidney. By Thomas Zouch, D. D. F. L. S. Prebendary of Durham. pp. 398. 4to. Payne, 1808.

This work is undertaken, as the preface informs us, on account of the slander which had been thrown on the memory of Sir Philip Sidney, by the Earl of Orford, in his Catalogue of Royal and Noble Authors. That book is

of some value as a curiosity, but in no other respect. Walpole is a shallow, pert scribber, who had been flattered by his friends into an idea of superior penetration and taste. His penetration, however, consists in a little impertinent scepticism, on what none but the weakest or most perverted of minds could entertain a doubt; that is, he wishes to raise some of the most infamous, and to debase some of the noblest characters in history: such are his attempts to exalt Richard the Third, and to depreciate Sir Philip Sidney and Lord Falkland. His taste is the indiscriminate affected liking of a *petit-maitre*, a *dilletanti* critic, a would-be *connoisseur*. Altogether he displays such a littleness, such pertness affecting to be wit, such priggishness assuming the airs of penetration, that we know not a more disgusting book than Walpole's Catalogue of Royal and Noble Authors.

We were therefore pleased to see the spirit with which Dr. Zouch's work was taken up, however greatly we were disappointed at its execution. Dr. Zouch's Memoir is heavy and cumbersome. It sets out with the determination to march through a whole quarto, and is diffuse and assertive to a serious degree. It abounds with such profound discoveries as these:

"Atheism, that is a disbelief of a Supreme Being." p. 348.

Its reflections are about of the same standard; *e. g.*

"Such is the cruel operation of war, delighting itself in scenes of *disaster and havoc*, and extinguishing for a time all the feelings of humanity!" p. 249.

Instead of endeavouring at something like connection in his narrative, Dr. Z. is fond of commencing his paragraphs with as new a topic as he can invent; and it is not perhaps till you read a page or two, that you can discover how even wit itself could approximate the subject before you to Sir Philip Sidney. Thus, immediately after discussing Sidney's answer to "Leicester's Commonwealth," Dr. Zouch sets out, as if he were going upon a new biography; "Martin Forbisher," of whom you have never heard a syllable before, "born of an obscure family, near Doncaster in Yorkshire, arrived at distinguished preeminence in his nautical profession. In 1576 he made a voyage," &c. p. 223; and then you learn in the course of Forbisher's biography, that Sidney patronised him. It is plain that to give an interest to any account of Forbisher, this circumstance should have been mentioned

first. Thus, too, in order to lead us to the opinions that Ben Jonson and Pope have expressed of Sir P. S., Dr. Zouch commences with all the precision of stating a major in a logical syllogism, "Ben Jonson and *Mr.* Pope have characterised *several of our English authors.*" *Aristotle a dit tres grands choses.* And then you are cautiously let into what Ben Jonson has said, and what "*Mr.* Pope" intended to say, of Sir Philip Sidney.

"In England," says Dr. Z., speaking of the elegies on the death of Sidney, "the accession of a new king, his marriage, the birth of his eldest son, the return of peace, the demise of royal or of noble personages, *became* objects of literary attention, and afforded subjects to the academic muse. *Is it not to be regretted that this practice is growing into desuetude?*" p. 349. We did not know that it was "growing into desuetude," either "in England" or any where else; and that it is not, is what we have always regretted.

Dr. Z. discovers that Sidney died at the same age as Alexander the Great, and "upon this hint" proceeds to moralize upon the difference of their lives. This is not fair.

We have no doubt of Sidney's piety; but the religious commencement of his will is no proof of it, as Dr. Z. would insinuate; and we think he will find it difficult to produce us a will of that day with so *short* a religious introduction to it as Sidney's contains. Dr. Z. regrets that this formularly is now disused, upon the score of the seasonableness of religion to the "awful period" of will-making; but he should recollect that there is no great reverence due to the inspirations of an attorney's clerk.

Is not Dr. Z. indebted to Dr. Johnson's celebrated antithesis, for the following eulogy of Sidney? "He was the most learned among the nobles, and the most noble among the learned." p. 397.

We think Dr. Z. while on the subject of Q. Elizabeth's presents to Sir P. S. should have mentioned, as a matter of information, if he had known it, that there is still preserved at Penshurst a rich glazed leaf-screen, which constituted one of these presents.

Upon the whole, we are not of opinion that there was any absolute want of a work like the present, and that not only has Dr. Zouch not thrown much additional light upon his subject, but that there was not much additional light to throw. Sidney's friend, Sir Fulke Greville, said all

that could be said on the subject, immediately after Sidney's death, and his narrative is really so simple and interesting, that we think a republication of it with notes would have furnished a more profitable employment of Dr. Zouch's time than the present work. Walpole's opinions were certainly not worth the refutation of a whole quarto. In the analysis of Dr. Zouch's biography, with which we shall conclude (for a life of Sidney is an ornament to any pages), it will be seen that he has not paid that attention to Sir Fulke Greville's narrative which it deserves.

Sir Philip Sidney was born on the 29th of November, 1554, at Penshurst, in Kent, a seat granted by Edward the Sixth to his grand-father, Sir William Sidney. His father, Sir Henry Sidney, was so closely intimate with that king, that he held him in his arms as he died. Sir Philip Sidney received his Christian name "out of compliment to Queen Mary's husband, the King of Spain." Sir Henry Sidney appears to have been a wise and upright politician, and was much beloved for his exertions in favour of Ireland, where he acted as Lord Deputy for eleven years. The mother of Sir Philip Sidney was Mary, the eldest daughter of John Dudley, Duke of Northumberland. This lady, Dr. Zouch would insinuate, was one of the learned women of her day; but this is not proved merely because she lived in the time of Lady Jane Grey, Queen Elizabeth, and the four daughters of Sir Anthony Coke. Sir Philip Sidney was placed at a school at Shrewsbury, not far from Ludlow Castle, the seat of his father as Lord President of the Marches of Wales; and Dr. Zouch gives us a copy of an endearing letter, which was found at Penshurst, from the father to the son, occasioned by two letters from the son to the father, which had been written from school at the age of twelve years. At that of fifteen, Sir Philip was entered of Christ's Church, Oxford; and in the same year, his uncle, Lord Leicester, made overtures for Sir Philip's marriage with the eldest daughter of Sir William Cecil, a match which, however, was broken off, according to Dr. Zouch, for no other reason than the "tender age of the parties." Sir Philip's tutor at Oxford was Dr. Thomas Thornton, the preceptor of Camden. Sir Philip afterwards studied at Cambridge, where he met his schoolfellow and biographer, Sir Fulke Greville. At college, Sir Sidney acquired a complete knowledge of the languages, and "cultivated not one art or one science, but

the whole circle of arts and sciences, his capacious and comprehensive mind aspiring to pre-eminence in every part of knowledge attainable by human genius or industry."—" Soldiers," says Sir Fulke Greville, " honoured him, and were so honoured by him, that no man thought he marched under the true banner of Mars, that had not obtained his approbation. There was not a cunning painter, a skilful engineer, an excellent musician, or any other artificer of extraordinary fame, that did not make himself known to this famous spirit, and found him his true friend without hire." On quitting the university, he received the Queen's permission to travel abroad for two years; and on his arrival at Paris, he was complimented by Charles the Ninth with the office of gentleman in ordinary to his chamber. " This promotion," however, says Dr. Zouch, " has been generally considered, not so much an indication of real regard, as an unworthy and insidious artifice to conceal the design, which was then formed, of destroying the Protestants. He had not held this office above a fortnight, when he became a spectator of that hideous and savage massacre of the Huguenots, which filled all Europe with indignation, amazement, and terror."—" In the general consternation which prevailed at this awful season of unforeseen and unexpected treachery, Sir Philip Sidney preserved his own life by taking refuge, with several of his countrymen, in the house of Sir Francis Walsingham:" and a memorial, acknowledging Sir Francis's protection, and desiring Sir Philip's return to England, was afterwards presented to Walsingham, by order of the English Privy Council. Sir Philip Sidney, however, having " escaped the danger which threatened him, proceeded in his travels without returning to England."—" Having left Paris, he pursued his journey through Lorrain, by Strasburgh and Heidelburg to Frankfort. At the latter [last] place he lodged at the house of a celebrated printer, Andrew Wechel. Here he had the singular happiness of being first honoured with the friendship of one of the brightest ornaments of literature, Herbert Languet, who was then a resident from the Elector of Saxony. To him he [Sir Philip] was principally indebted for his extensive knowledge of the customs and usages of nations, their interests, their governments, their laws." Dr. Zouch then favours us with rather an uninteresting life of this Languet, comparing him first to Socrates; but then he finds

out that "the character of Sidney is infinitely superior to that of Alcibiades:" so that at last the Doctor settles that he is Mentor, and Sidney Telemachus, an arrangement with which he seems highly delighted. "At Vienna Sir Philip learned horsemanship, the use of arms, and all those manly and martial exercises, which were suitable to his youth and nobleness of birth. In the beginning of his "Defence of Poesy," he gives a pleasant relation of the partiality of his equestrian preceptor, John Pietro Pugliano, in favour of his own professional occupation. This man, who had the place of an equerry in the Emperor's stable, spoke so eloquently of that noble animal the horse, of his beauty, his faithfulness, and his courage, that his pupil facetiously says, "If I had not been a piece of a logician, before I came to him, I think he would have persuaded me to have wished myself an horse!" "In June 1754, he left Venice, and came to Padua:" here, Dr. Zouch says, he became acquainted with Tasso; but we see very little more authority for this assertion than we do for a previous one that Sir Philip was known at Venice to Paolo Sarpi, the historian of the Council of Trent. Upon Sir Philip's return to Venice, great doubts seem to have been entertained in England, that he was *going off*, as the Methodists express it, from Protestantism to Popery; and Languet actually persuaded him not to visit Rome, lest this supposed inclination should be strengthened by the delusive splendours of high mass. Here, as throughout Dr. Zouch's work, we have large extracts from Languet's letters; but we cannot say that our admiration of Languet, either as a man or a letter-writer, is quite so great as Dr. Zouch's. "Having spent almost three years in visiting different parts of Europe, Sir Philip returned through Germany, by Heidelburg, Frankfort, and Antwerp, and arrived in England in the month of May, 1575. To his attainments of [in] Grecian and Latin literature, he had now added a knowledge of the French, Spanish, and Italian languages. On his return, he became the delight and admiration of the English court, by his dignified and majestical address, the urbanity of his manners, and the sweet complacency of his whole deportment. The Queen treated him with peculiar kindness, calling him "her Philip," in opposition, it is said, to Philip of Spain, her sister's husband. To obtain the approbation of a wise Prince, even in lesser matters, is an honour which no prudent man will under-

value. In the quaint language of Fuller, " his homebred abilities travel perfected, and sweet nature set a gloss upon both. He was so essential to the English court, that it seemed maimed without his company, being a compleat master of matter and language." " Sir Philip Sidney's first literary production was now brought forward, to contribute to the amusement of Queen Elizabeth, when on a visit to Sir Philip's noble relative at Wanstead, in Essex. It was a masque, entitled, " The Lady of the May," in which Sir Philip appears to have profited by the time-serving hints of his friend Languet, and complimented the Queen upon her *beauty !* Sidney did not stay long, however, to give lustre to the court of Elizabeth ; for in 1576 he was sent ambassador to that of France, to condole with the Emperor Rodolph on the death of his father, Maximilian the Second. He seems, on this occasion, to have imbibed some of his royal mistress's taste for grandeur ; for he was accompanied in this embassy by a " pompous retinue," and fixed a tablet, emblazoned with his family arms, against every house in which he rested during his journey. Dr. Zouch here takes the opportunity of passing an eulogium upon Queen Elizabeth, for her regard " to the *figure and person* of those to whom she consigned the administration of her affairs abroad ; and adds, " This predeliction of the Queen in favour of exterior accomplishments was observable in her appointment of Sir Christopher Hatton to the office of Lord Chancellor, on account of his graceful person and fine dancing." " The purport of Sir Philip's embassy was not confined to the imperial court ; it was not the mere ceremonial act of congratulating the new Emperor. It had a more important and a more laudable object in view, the union of all the Protestant states in the defence of their common religion against the ruin that menaced them from the Popish powers, from the superstition of Rome, and the tyranny of Spain." Of the progress and success of this embassy, we have Sir Philip's own official accounts. For this service to the state, Sir Philip went unrewarded by the Queen : he was merely, we believe, appointed her cup-bearer, or some such thing. The embassy, however, answered the purpose of extending that admiration of Sidney among foreigners, which was before confined to his own countrymen. If Sir Philip Sidney flattered the beauty of Queen Elizabeth, he was honest enough to advise her against her inclinations, in advising her against her marriage with the son of Catharine of Medicis ; and it must be mentioned to the equal

credit of the Queen, that she not only followed his advice, but took it in good part. In 1580 happened the altercation at tennis between Sir Philip Sidney and the Earl of Oxford, in which, more than in any other instance, the true nobility of Sir Philip Sidney is visible. Instead of quoting Dr. Zouch's abstract of this anecdote, we shall give the whole of it from Sir Fulke Greville's Life of Sidney, more especially as we consider it the most characteristic part of the whole biography, and as Sir Fulke's little book is very rarely to be met with.

" Being one day at Tennis, a Peer of this Realm, born great, greater by alliance, and superlative in the Prince's favour, abruptly came into the Tennis-Court; and speaking out of these three paramount authorities, he forgot to entreat that, which he could not legally command. When by the encounter of a steady object, finding unrespectiveness in himself (though a great Lord) not respected by this princely spirit, he grew to expostulate more roughly. The returns of which stile comming still from an understanding heart that knew what was due to itself, and what it ought to others, seemed (through the mists of my Lord's passions, swoln with the winde of his faction then reigning) to provoke in yeelding. Whereby, the lesse amazement, or confusion of thoughts he stirred up in Sir Philip, the more shadowes this great Lords own mind was possessed with: till at last with rage (which is ever ill disciplind) he commands him to depart the Court. To this Sir Philip temperately answers; that if his Lordship had been pleased to express desire in milder Characters, perchance he might have led out those, that he should now find would not be driven out with any scourge of fury. This answer (like a bellows) blowing up the sparks of excess already kindled, made my Lord scornfully call Sir Philip by the name of puppy. In which progress of heat, as the tempest grew more and vehement within, so did their hearts breath out their perturbations in a more loud and shrill accent. The French Commissioners unfortunately had that day audience, in those private Galleries, whose windows look into the Tennis-Court. They instantly drew all to this tumult: every sort of quarrels sorting well with their humors, especially this. Which Sir Philip perceiving and rising with inward strength by the prospect of a mighty faction against him, asked my Lord with a loud voice that which he heard plainly enough before. Who (like an echo that

still multiplies by reflections) repeated this epithet of Puppy the second time. Sir Philip resolving in one answer to conclude both the attentive hearers and passionate actor, gave my Lord a lie, impossible (as he averred) to be retorted; in respect all the world knows, puppies are gotten by Dogs, and Children by men.

" Hereupon those glorious inequalities of Fortune in his Lordship were put to a kinde of pause by a precious inequality of nature in this Gentleman, so that they both stood silent a while, like a dumb shew in a Tragedy; till Sir Philip sensible of his own wrong, the forrain and the factious spirits that attended; and yet, even in this question between him, and his superior, tender to his Countries honour; with some words of sharp accent, led the way abruptly out of the Tennis-Court; as if so unexpected an accident were nor fit to be decided any farther in that place. Whereof the great Lord making another sense, continues his play without any advantage of reputation; as by the standard of humours in those times it was conceived.

" A day Sir Philip remains in suspense, when hearing nothing of, or from the Lord, he finds a Gentleman of worth to awake him out of his trance; wherein the French would assuredly think any pause, if not death, yet a lethargy of true honour in both. This stirred a resolution in his Lordship to send Sir Philip a Challenge. Notwithstanding, these thoughts in the great Lord wandered so long between glory, anger and inequality of state, as the Lords of her Majesties Counsell took notice of the differences commanded peace, and laboured a reconciliation between them. But needlessly in one respect, and bootlessly in another. The great Lord being (as it should seem) either not hasty to adventure many inequalities against one, or inwardly satisfied with the progress of his own acts; Sir Philip on the other side confident he neither had nor would lose or let fall any thing of his right. Which her Majesties Counsell quickly perceiving, recommended this work to her self.

" The Queen, who saw that by the loss or disgrace of either she could gain nothing, presently undertakes Sir Philip; and (like an excellent monarch) lays before him the difference in degree between Earls and Gentlemen; the respect inferiors ought to pay to their superiors; and the necessity in Princes to maintain their own creations, as degrees descending between the peoples licentiousness

and the anoynted Soveraignty of Crowns: how the Gentleman's neglect of nobility taught the peasant to insult upon both.

" Whereunto Sir Philip, with such reverence as became him, replyed: First, thnt place was never intended for privilege to wrong; witness her self, who how Soveraign soever she were by throne, birth, education and nature; yet she was content to cast her own affections into the same mould her subjects did, and govern all her rights by their laws. Again he besought her Majesty to consider that although he were a great Lord by birth, alliance, and grace; yet he was no Lord over him: and therefore the difference of degrees between free men could not challenge any other homage than precedency. And by her Father's Act (to make a princely Wisdom become the more familiar) he did instance the Government of King Henry the Eighth, who gave the Gentry free and safe appeal to his feet against the oppression of the Grandees; and found it wisdom, by the stronger corporation in number, to keep down the greater in power: inferring else, that if they should unite, the overgrown might be tempted by still coveting more, to fall (as the Angels did) by affecting equality with their Maker." *Life of the Renowned Sir Philip Sidney, written by Sir Fulke Grevil.* 12*mo.* 1652. *p.* 81.

" To recover the composure and serenity of his mind," proceeds Dr. Zouch, " which must have been somewhat disturbed by this incident; Sidney retired to Wilton, the seat of his brother in law, the Earl of Pembroke. In this seat of rural beauty, he planned the design of Arcadia." " He did not complete the third book of it, nor was any part of the work printed during his life. His design was to have arranged the whole anew; and it is asserted on the authority of Ben Jonson, in his conversation with Drummond of Hawthornden, in the year 1619, that he intended to change the subject, by celebrating the prowess and military deeds of King Arthur."

We soon find Sir Philip Sidney returning to all the pageantry of Queen Elizabeth's Court; and Dr. Zouch quotes us from Hollinshed a long description of a tournament, in which both Sir Philip Sidney and Sir Fulke Greville are conspicuous figures. Soon after this, the Duke of Anjou came to England upon his former design of matrimony with the Queen, who received him very graciously, and commanded him to be escorted to

Antwerp, among other attendants, by Sir Philip Sidney. Dr. Zouch is then called away to attend the funeral of Herbert Languet, of whom he had made so much; and, in the mean time, we find Sir Philip Sidney composing his defence of Poesy. In 1582, however, tired of "this quiet life," he preferred a Petition to Lord Burleigh, to be joined with his uncle the Earl of Warwick in the Office of Master of the Ordnance, but failed of success. The next year, he married Frances, the heiress of his friend, Sir Francis Walsingham, and a young lady of great beauty and virtue. Walsingham was principal Secretary of State to Elizabeth, and is celebrated by Spenser as the Mecænas of his age. It was not till soon after this marriage that Sir Philip Sidney was knighted, a ceremony which took place at Windsor Castle. It was after his marriage too, but at what precise time cannot be ascertained, that he received from Queen Elizabeth a sinecure in Wales of the yearly value of £120.

About this time appeared the plots, which were formed against the Queen's person, in the defence of which the Earl of Leicester instituted an association of nobility and gentry. This gave rise to the satire of "Leicester's Commonwealth;" and to this Lord Leicester's nephew, Sir Philip Sidney, wrote an imperfect and intemperate answer, one passage of which runs thus, "Thou liest in thy throte," a phrase which Dr. Zouch has the satisfaction of finding in frequent use by Shakspeare; and, as for the grossness of the charge, Dr. Zouch has discovered that Sir John Holles, the first Earl of Clare, in answer to a charge brought against him, in 1592, says 'I committed no injustice, no partiality, and therefore *you ly most falsely!*'"

Such was the restless mind of Sir Philip Sidney, and so ardent was his thirst for knowledge, that, in 1576, he formed a secret plan to accompany Sir Francis Drake in a voyage of discovery to America. Of this expedition Sir Philip Sidney was to have been the principal director, having engaged to equip both a naval and a land armament, and to make a powerful attack upon the Spanish Settlements. From the accomplishment of this purpose he was restrained by the orders of the Queen.

In 1585, Sir Philip was nominated a competitor for the elective kingdom of Poland, vacated by the death of Stephen Bathori, Prince of Transylvania; but "the Queen, saith Sir Robert Naunton, was averse from the

measure." Soon after this however, Sir Philip, who was now a Privy Counsellor, was made happy by the appointment of Governor of Flushing, an office which he prepared to execute with all his heart and soul. "The new Governor arrived at Flushing on the 18th day of November (1585), and was conducted into the town with every mark of distinction. He was immediately appointed colonel of all the Dutch regiments, and captain of a band of English soldiers, consisting of two hundred foot and one hundred horse." Soon after this, the Earl of Leicester was sent to the United Provinces, with an army of 5000 foot and 1000 horse; and Sir Philip Sidney was immediately promoted to the office of General of the horse under his uncle. The Earl's want of military skill was however soon apparent, and occasioned many differences among the commanders, which were in some measure removed by Sir Philip Sidney, who was nevertheless extremely dissatisfied with his uncle's administration. In a letter requesting that forces may be sent to besiege Steenberg, Sir Philip says to his uncle, "I will undertake upon my life either to ruin it, or to make the enemy raise his siege from Grave, or, which I must hope, both." In July, 1586, Sir Philip accompanied by the young Stadtholder, Maurice, took Axell, a town in Flanders, without the loss of a single man. Previously to the attack, Sir Philip animated his men by an oration. "The honour," says Stowe, "of the attempt to siege Axell, and the execution of that considerable action, are given to Sir Philip Sidney, who is here said to have revived the ancient discipline of order and silence in the march of his soldiers. They scaled the walls of the town by ladders in the night, and forcing their way directly into the market-place, a chosen company was ordered to make a stand there for security to the rest, who were sent up and down the town by the direction of their commanding officers. And when their service was done, Sir Philip liberally rewarded every one of them according to his merit, out of his own private fortune." The account of Sir Philip's attack upon Graveling, Dr. Zouch relates in the words of the historian of the reign of Philip the Second. "Sir Philip Sidney had private notice given him by La Motte, the governor of the town, that upon his approach, the town should be yielded up into his hands. But fearing to rely upon the promise of an enemy, he judged it his duty to proceed in the affair with great

wariness and circumspection. He therefore called together his officers, and laying before them his suspicions, caused the inferior sort of them to cast dice upon a drumhead, who should be sent on this dangerous expedition; and the lot falling on Sir William Brown, his own lieutenant, Sir Philip ordered him, in case of any fraudulent dealing, to throw down his arms, and yield himself prisoner. When the company had set forward on their march, they found all the outward signals exactly performed. But no sooner were they entered the town and arrived at a sufficient distance beyond the gate, than they were all attacked on every side by a discharge of shot from windows and cellars. Upon the discovery of the treachery, the commanding officer threw down his arms, as he was directed, and was taken prisoner: the rest attempted a retreat, but were so closely pursued, that only eight of them escaped alive."

In this year, Sir Philip lost both his father and his mother; and in this year, too, he himself was destined to follow them to the grave.

"A detachment from the English army accidentally met with a convoy sent by the enemy to Zutphen, a strong town in Guelderland, then besieged by the Spaniards. The battle which immediately ensued, was fought on the 22d day of September, 1586, with such impetuosity, that it became a proverbial expression among the Belgian soldiers to denote a most severe and ardent conflict. The English troops, far inferior in number to those of the enemy, though they gained a decisive victory, sustained an irreparable loss by the death of Sir Philip Sidney. Having one horse shot under him, he mounted a second. Seeing Lord Willoughby surrounded by the enemy, and in imminent danger, he rushed forward to rescue him. Having accomplished his purpose, he continued the fight with great spirit, until he was himself wounded by a bullet on the left knee. "Among the rest," saith Stowe, "Sir Philip Sidney so behaved himself, that it was wonder to see; for hee charged the enemy thrice in one skirmish, and in the last charge, hee was shot through his left thigh, to the great grief of his Excellencie and the whole camp; who being brought to the Lord Lieutenant, his Excellencie said, "O Philip, I am sorry for thy hurt." Sir Philip answered, "This have I done to do you honor, and her Majesty service." Sir William Russell coming to him, kissed his hand, and said with

tears, " O noble Sir Philip, there was never man attayned hurt more honorably, than ye have done, or any served like unto you." " He returned into the camp, and was thence carried in a barge to Arnheim, or as it is called in his will, to Archam, a city in Guelderland." pp. 253—5.

" As Sir Philip was returning from the field of battle, pale, languid, and thirsty, with excess of bleeding, he asked for water to quench his thirst. The water was brought; and had no sooner approached his lips, than he instantly resigned it to a dying soldier, whose ghastly countenance attracted his notice—speaking these ever-memorable words; " This man's necessity is still greater than mine." " p. 256.

" At first, sanguine hopes of his recovery were encouraged, the rumour of which diffused universal joy in England. But, alas! these hopes were fallacious. The anxious solicitude with which his restoration to health was desired, appears from the rough but artless reply of Count Hollock to his chirurgeon, who had suggested his apprehension that the life of Sir Philip could not be saved. " Away, villain, never see my face again, till thou bring better news of that man's recovery, for whose redemption many such as I were happily lost."

" Lady Sidney, who had accompanied her husband into Zealand, attended him in his last illness, and administered all that assistance and soothing consolation, which the tenderest, and most affectionately sympathizing indulgence could bestow.

" Suffering under extreme pain and misery, he had now languished sixteen days on the bed of sickness. His condition was then truly deplorable. " The very shoulder-bones of this delicate patient were worn through his skin, with constant and obedient posturing of his body to the art of the chirurgeon." At length, he declared, that he smelt what may not inaptly be called the smell of death. Though his attendants did not perceive this, and endeavoured to persuade him that from this circumstance he had no cause to suspect danger, he persevered in his opinion that a mortification had taken place. Sensible of the approach of his dissolution, he prepared himself for death with cheerfulness and fortitude.

" The night before he died, leaning upon a pillow in his bed, he wrote the following short note to Johannes Weierus, Physician to the Duke of Cleves, and famed for his learn-

ing and professional knowledge. "*Mi Weiere, veni, veni: de vitâ periclitor, et te cupio: nec vivus nec mortuus ero ingratus: plura non possum: sed obnixè te oro ut festines. Vale.*" " pp. 258—9.

Sir Philip Sidney died on the 17th day of October, in the arms of his friend and secretary, Mr. William Temple. In addition to Sir Fulke Greville's account of his death, Dr. Zouch has procured us a long account of his religious anxieties from a MS. in the British Museum. If this MS. be genuine, we do not think his death-bed conversation much above the pitch of the "happy deaths" in the Evangelical Magazine. It is sufficient, however, to know, that he died like a Soldier and a Christian. A general mourning for his death was observed in the dress of the English court; "and this is presumed to be the first instance in England of a public mourning for a private person." The States of Holland petitioned to have the honour of burying his body at the national expense; but the Queen rejected their proposal, and the body was deposited, with much pomp, in St. Paul's cathedral, on the 5th day of November. An Inscription to Sir Philip's memory formerly hung on a pillar in St. Paul's choir; but no monument to it was ever erected.

LEWIS'S ROMANTIC TALES.

(Concluded from page 249.)

The most entertaining tale in this collection is that entitled, My Uncle's Garret Window. The story is as follows. Edward, the son of a merchant, named Sempronius, falls deeply in love with a young lady: the secret is imparted to the father by the youth's aunt, an old virgin named Sempronia. The father irritated at his son's passion, gives him a purse of money and turns him out of doors. The old lady, not satisfied with this piece of mischief, would fain persuade the merchant, that his wife, named Cordelia, is faithless, and several suspicious circumstances combined give an alarming degree of credibility to her information. The merchant, in short, feels certified of his disgrace, and waits impatiently for the night, which is to ascertain his misery. The night comes: his wife, the amiable Cordelia, enters the supposed room of assignation: a stranger meets her there; the stranger falls on his knees, and while he is passionately pressing her

hand to his lips, Sempronius enters and surprizes them. Sempronius is struck with horror, till in the supposed seducer he finds his own son Edward, and, in the disguise of an abigail, Edward's wife; a girl not more than seventeen, and lovely as the virgins of Mahomet's fabled paradise. All the suspicious circumstances are resolved into the schemes which were formed for bringing about this meeting: Cordelia in consequence is cleared, the father satisfied, and the two lovers made happier in each other. This outline of the story will not convey to the reader the idea of any great novelty: In what then does the merit of it consist? it is in the manner of embodying the story. The tale, in short, is merely the conjecture of a youth, who occasionally visiting an uncle, and finding no other gratification, amused himself by watching through a telescope, what passed in the opposite house; and the originality consists in the ingenuity with which every part of the story is deduced from the action of the parties concerned. That the occupier of the house is a merchant, is derived from the ground-floor of his house looking as if it had been converted into magazine, and from his regular absence from home at the hours of Change. It is then ascertained that the merchant is married, and that his lady is a second wife. These inferences are derived from the following acute and ingenious remarks:—

"But how in the name of wonder, could Sempronius, so little amiable as he appears to be, have obtained such a treasure, as the wife whom I am now going to describe?—or rather how came he to be so singularly fortunate as to draw *two* such great prizes in Hymen's lottery; a lottery, in which (Heaven have pity on all poor Christian husbands!) there are so many blanks?—Many years ago he lost a wife. . . . Oh! she was worthy to have been the empress of her whole sex!—So beautiful. . . . so good. . . . —"You have seen her then?—(Such was my uncle's demand one day, when I was indulging myself in enthusiastic but just commendations of the lady in question)—"You have seen her then? You knew her?"—Alas! never! I was not so fortunate—"But you have been told of her charms and merits?"—Not a syllable; I never heard her mentioned in my life—"Then, pray, how are you so certain, that she was so beautiful and so good?—Why, my dear uncle, you must know, that her picture in oils hangs in the second wife's sitting-room, and never was my eye gratified by more perfect features or a more noble countenance: and that this countenance belonged to the wife of Sempronius, there can be no doubt. Sempronius himself (but much younger) is introduced in the picture; and the attitude in which the painter has represented them, sufficiently marks the relation of the parties: besides, if there were no other reason for concluding that she was his wife, I should be convinced of it by the striking resemblance be-

tween her countenance and that of a young man about twenty, who appears to be our neighbour's son, and probably is the only offspring of this marriage.

—" Well! Sir! well! so much for her beauty, and her marriage. Now, Sir, granting that she was a wife, what makes you suppose, that she must necessarily have been a *good* one?"—

—My dear Sir, it is quite impossible, that she should have been otherwise—Whenever Sempronius is displeased with his present help-mate, he never fails to point to that portrait: he seems to contrast her conduct with that of the object of his reproof, and to hold her up as a model for the imitation of her whole sex—while on the other hand, his second wife—(she is reading King Lear at this moment, for the edition is Boydell's, and I can distinctly read the title; so we will call her Cordelia, if you please)—Cordelia then, whenever she finds her patience on the point of being shipwrecked among the numberless little domestic storms, which the unhappy temper of our friend Sempronius is perpetually raising, constantly fixes her eyes on that mild heavenly countenance, and seems to ask—" In this situation how would you have acted?"—She then turns to her peevish husband with a serene look; the clouds of displeasue, which were gathering on her brow, have totally disappeared; she takes his hand kindly, as if imploring his pardon for having given him offence; and never leaves him, till her winning manners and engaging smiles have charmed away his ill-humour, as David's lyre banished the evil spirit from the bosom of the frantic Saul.—

—" But pray, nephew, what makes you be so certain, that the original of this portrait, which produces such beneficial effects, is no longer in existence?"—

—Surely, the presence of a second wife is a proof fully sufficient of the decease of a first.—

—" But there may be no second wife in the case: Cordelia may be his daughter."—

—Impossible, my dearest uncle! absolutely impossible! A thousand little circumstances.... the tender familiarity which exists between her and Sempronius.... the authority with which she governs the whole house.... the intimate yet respectful conduct towards her of the step-son Edward (you see, I make no scruple of christen my neighbours over again).... the difference, which Sempronius makes in his behaviour, when addressing her, and when addressing the said Edward.... No; it is quite impossible, that Cordelia should be any thing but his wife. Besides, to put the matter out of all doubt, you must know that there is a little boy about eight or nine years old, whose features exhibit the same mixed resemblance to Cordelia and Sempronius, which Edward's exhibit to Sempronius and the lady, of whose portrait I have spoken in terms of such warm approbation."— Vol. 4. pp. 8—12.

The story is therefore very properly styled a Pantomimic Tale; for all the action proceeds in a dumb shew, and its drift is communicated by the telescope espion, who thus gives that dramatic effect, which is supplied on the stage by flags and other telegraphic vehicles for conveying information. The great merit of the story consists

in the ingenuity, with which the observer translates action into words, and transforms gestures into phrases. The action is still passing before our eyes, and "My Uncle's" intelligent nephew serves as a go-between to the actor and the observer, and embodies the story into words at the same time that it takes place in fact. Our limits will not allow us to quote more from this amusing little tale, than the following traits, which admirably characterise a man, whose embarrassment prevents him from beginning a delicate subject, with which his heart is full. The last trait is particularly excellent.

"The door opens—Sempronius enters—Oh! then she had heard him coming up stairs. He has a pen stuck behind his ear, and probably is just come out of his counting-house (I suppose, that it is in back part of the house) to welcome his wife on her return home. The visit, however, does not seem to be quite to his taste: he looks like a school-boy, who has committed some fault and expects to be scolded by his tutor.—The first compliments are over, and the interview becomes quite comical.—he evidently does not well know, how to begin the relation of what has occurred during her absence; and she for her part does not seem at all inclined to give him the least assistance.—They are both silent: he hums, and haws, and scrapes the carpet with his feet, and sits by no means comfortably upon his chair.—Bravo! how unusually polite the man is grown; he insists upon helping Cordelia to take off her pelisse, the pelisse is folded up; and yet the conversation does not get on—Sempronius walks to the window, and draws one of the venetian blinds quite up.—Thank you, good Sir! It was very much in my way; but now I can see what you are about much better—he picks up a knitting needle, which had fallen on the floor: he looks out of window, and beats time against the frame with his fingers—*now he walks to the fire-place, and sets his watch by a small chamber clock, which stands upon the mantle piece: the clock is out of order, and has not gone for these nine days to my certain knowledge.*" pp. 49, 50.

With regard to the poetry contained in these volumes, we scarcely know one which rises above the pitch of a school-boy performance. We analyze the following taken at random; it is called the Admiral Guarino. The worthy admiral is fighting so strongly at Roncevalles, that it requires no less than seven Moorish knights to make him prisoner. The seven knights then shake the dice seven times seven to know whose prize the captive shall be. The lot falls to Marlotes, who we are told, in the glowing language of poetry,

"More rejoiced that he possest him,
"Than Arabia's realm to sway,"

makes an instantaneous proposal to the raptured warrior to turn Mahometan, and as a douceur, promises him one

of his daughters for his bride, and the other for his sempstress and bed-maker.

> " Of two daughters high descended
> " This shall in your arms be prest;
> " That shall work you garments splendid
> " Deck your bed, and watch your rest."

The Spaniard is too good a Christian to compound for his faith, and declines the proposal. The Pagan gulps up an indignant " Ha!" and orders his prisoner into close confinement, with an intimation that he shall expect to have the pleasure of seeing him brought three times a year before him, for the purpose of receiving corporal castigation. We are then told that " Days they came, and days they perish'd," till the day of St. John the Baptist came. In this holy festival, the Moorish king treats his subjects with sports and games, and sets up a shield flaming with jewels as a prize for him to wear, who wins it; the Moors try their luck, but no one can bring down the shield, upon which the king, who seems to the full as choleric as any Moorish monarch need to be, declares in a passion, that no babe shall suck the breast, and no man dare eat bread, till some knight lay the shield at his royal feet. We are now again introduced to poor Guarino, who to our great surprize we find had been the tenant of his dungeon for seven years. The unfortunate admiral hearing a great noise, and apprehensive that a flogging-bout was preparing for him, though from the time of his confinement and the courses of scourging he must have gone through during that period (he having to have received twenty-one specimens of castigation), we should have conceived him fully master of the subject, and quite competent as to the " days and seasons" of the administration of his four-monthly flagellations, enquires of the goaler to that purpose. Being better informed, and the removal of his fears acting probably as a stimulus upon his spirits, the captive knight engages at the hazard of his life to accomplish the king's wish. The proposal is accepted: the knight's rusty armour is brushed up; his steed—

> " Which seven long years had counted
> " In the vilest tasks employ'd,"

is put upon a double allowance of oats (we confess we have no authority for this assertion, but we hazard it from the presumption that the poor animal, after such unworthy treatment, could not have otherwise flown like lightning's speed, as we are told he did in the next stanza),

the knight hurls his lance, and the shield is seen lying on the earth. Now, what do the Moors do? Why they fall tooth and nail upon the Admiral, who like a true Castilian, lays about him at a prodigious rate, and hews his way through his foes, though their numbers were so mighty as to obscure the light of day. The Admiral then with unshaken vigour shapes his course homeward; and Mr. Lewis concludes his poem with a serious assertion, which we presume no one in his senses will deny, that though

> "Many a knight the Moors have taken,
> "Yet like Guarino none escap'd."

King Rodrigo's Fall is like a former translation from the Spanish, and is in our opinion just as unworthy of transfusion. As the story is of a mournful cast, we were not at all surprised at it's commencing with a prelude of warring winds, tempest-shaken waves, &c. &c., but we confess we were startled at finding the fish introduced as "in anxious terrors sighing;" Mr. Lewis we own has the authority of the Spanish for this appalling phenomenon; but as we never heard either salmon or cod-fish give way to these gentle ejaculations, and as we suppose the tenants of the Tagus and the Severn correspond in their habits, we think Mr. Lewis might, with great propriety, have substituted some of the received make-weights of a mournful poem.

Upon the whole, we think Mr. Lewis ought to be very well contented if this publication does not diminish the reputation his other works have given him, and if he does not find that he has drawn too much upon that aerial stock of fame which he has funded, in order to acquire a larger portion of the more substantial good and lawful currency of Great Britain.

Nightingale versus Stockdale.—Report of the Trial in an Action for a Libel, contained in a Review of the "Portraiture of Methodism," tried at Guildhall, before Lord Ellenborough and a Special Jury, Saturday, March 11, 1809. Taken in short-hand by Mr. Bartrum. Lond. Johnson. 8vo. pp. 99.

We notice this pamphlet for the sake of the code of reviewing which Lord Ellenborough has, in the trial which it reports, with such literary liberality, laid down; we shall record this code at length in our pages, by quoting his Lordship's whole Charge to the Jury. By doing this we shall, at the same time, put our readers in possession of the whole case, in the briefest and clearest manner.

"Lord Chief Justice.—Gentlemen of the Jury, this

action is brought by Joseph Nightingale, against John Stockdale, a bookseller in Piccadilly, for a libel; and the libel is contained in the New Annual Register for 1807, in the chapter of Domestic Literature, where there are remarks upon a work that had been published by Mr. Nightingale. The work itself is called a Portraiture of Methodism, from which various extracts have been read to you, and that work certainly professes to exhibit a variety of indecencies and enormities, which the author states to be prevalent among the persons with whom he was connected at the time he was a member of that sect. He states these things, and he states them with freedom, and very strongly; and certainly, if his statements are true, they do excite very serious feelings in the mind of every well disposed christian. He has pourtrayed a very shocking scene of immorality and licentiousness, that must be subversive of all real religion; and connected with it certainly there are observations upon the characters of some preachers, which do them but little honour. Mr. Adam Clarke he has noticed in one place in terms of reproof; but I find, a few lines on, he mentions him as a person of great learning and piety, and he gives credit to many of that sect, for being religious and pious characters, and very efficient in their profession. Upon this work Mr. Stockdale professes to criticise. I mean the person whose work Mr. Stockdale publishes, and for which he, as publisher, is responsible. And the question for your consideration is this; and which is the same question that was left on a former occasion which has been alluded to*; *whether these strictures which are complained of, be a fair criticism on a literary work, written in the spirit, and for the purpose of a fair and candid discussion of the work so criticised? or whether, under the pretence of such criticism, it is a malicious slander of the person and private character of the author?* That, I take it, is the fair question to be left for your consideration; for *as to the work itself, there can be no doubt but that in the fullest manner, it is fair in any person to criticise upon that work, and to go fully into the character of it. And this could not be done in many cases, without in some respects commenting upon the person of the author; as far as he exhibits himself in his work he is fairly the subject of criticism. But if the critic travels into collateral matter, not pertinent to the subject of the book, and chooses to deal in any collateral slander, if he introduces any facts*

* The case of Carr v. Hood.

not stated in the work, and makes injurious comments upon them, in that respect he is a slanderer, and liable to an action. It is therefore material for you to collate this criticism with which Mr. Stockdale is here charged, with the Portraiture of Methodism as it has been read to you, and to see whether all the observations made by Mr. Stockdale—and when I say Mr. Stockdale, I would always be understood to mean the author of this writing—are borne out by the work, or whether there are not matters suggested collateral to the work, and for which there is no foundation in the work itself.

"Gentlemen, the writer begins—'We have also received a thick octavo volume upon this same subject, entitled, A Portraiture of Methodism,' and so forth, going through the title. 'This we understand to be the work of a Mr. Nightingale;' and they are borne out so far in that, that Mr. Nightingale's name is prefixed to it; 'who aftar having run through half the signs of the religious zodiac'—Now, gentlemen, I do not find any thing in the work, from which it can be shewn, that this gentleman, the plaintiff, had 'run through half the signs of the religious zodiac;' by which it is no doubt meant to be intimated, that he had gone through a variety of professions of faith, before he had embraced that of Methodism. You may be of opinion, that he had been converted, as he states, from 'erroneous opinions, which he had entertained, respecting christianity,' to Methodism, but what antecedent faith, or what number of faiths—and this imputes to him to have run through a great number of faiths—there seems to be no foudation to assert from the work, that I can find. Then it goes on to say, he 'at length entered into that of Wesleyan Methodism, was a zealous preacher in its cause, sedulously attended the monthly love-meetings'—what is said about his preaching cannot be disputed; he certainly had preached; and a story is told in one passage of the book of something that had passed in the author's hearing, at one of their love-feasts, which in a degree confirms this statement, of his having attended those love-meetings, but which certainly does not go to the extent of what appears to be the meaning of the writer of these remarks—that he was particular in his attendance on these love-feasts, or that he had taken a prominent part in such meetings; which may be and are here very fully reprobated by the plaintiff, as leading to the most dangerous and fatal consequences. From

what I find in the work, there does not seem to me to be any particular foundation for saying, that he was a *sedulous* attendant on the love-meetings, or was a participator in the practices of those meetings.—' And at length left this cause for some other, but, if we be rightly informed, not for a better.' Now what faith he left it for, does not appear on the face of this publication; from the Portraiture of Methodism, it does not appear to what cause he had gone over; and we are now considering the facts as they appear on the face of the work itself; and whether he had taken up with a better or a worse, the commenting upon his book does not authorise this man, the author of the libel, in saying, that he had not gone over to a better faith. Then he goes on; ' and now, in a paroxysm of spite, foams forth all the absurdities and trash which he has ever beheld among this extraordinary sect. But to us he foams in vain; the evidence of a renegado shall never be admitted in our court.' Now this does seem to result from the work; as by *renegado* is usually meant, in an offensive sense, a person who has left the faith he once professed. ' There is a depravity indeed in this man's heart (if we may reason from his publication before us) that unqualifies him for giving evidence in any court.' These words are certainly very offensive in saying, ' there is a depravity in this man's heart that unqualifies him for giving evidence in any court;' but then the writer of them refers himself to the book as the foundation of that inference; he says. ' if we may reason from his publication before us;' and certainly in the course of criticism it is allowable for him to infer a depravity in the author's mind, supposing the work fairly supports that inference; that is always a question for your consideration, whether the work maintains the inference, or whether the inference be a mere pretext to cover the writer's malice. ' The Methodists may be fools, but their present historian is obviously a knave.' If he founds himself upon the work, the person who wrote this might argue, that from what the author had exhibited of himself in this book, he could do no other than draw that conclusion; and I cannot say, if this were done in fairly commenting upon that work, and upon the author as connected with the work, that it would be absolutely a slander; but when it is said, ' the Methodists may be fools, but their present historian is obviously a knave,' if this embraces a larger field, if it comprehends the private and domestic, as well as the literary, character of the plaintiff, then, to be sure, he

steps beyond the province of a critic, and his criticism becomes a libel.

"Gentlemen, it is for you to say, whether there be any slander collateral to this publication, and collateral to a fair criticism upon it, and whether the work remarked on is used only as a medium to convey slanderous imputations; or whether it is the fair result of a just critique—as you understand it in one sense or the other, you will find your verdict. If you are of opinion that although part of the observations might be borne out by fair criticism, yet if the writer has gone beyond them, if he has libelled the plaintiff for the faith which he has now embraced; if he has represented him as a man of a perpetual change of faith, when it only appears from his book, that he had erroneous opinions concerning Christianity—it is for you to say, whether you think that will fairly warrant the assertion, that before he became a Methodist, he had "run through half the signs of the religious zodiac." I shall not trouble you with reading the passages from the book, which you have already heard—they are in your memory. If the things stated in this book are true, they are matter of very serious consideration to every one who wishes well to the interests of religion, and of society at large. If you think that what Mr. Stockdale has stated is a fair criticism upon that work, and that he has not mixed any slanderous observations with the fair observations which he would have a right to make, you will find a verdict for the defendant; but if he has gone beyond that, your verdict will be for the plaintiff. As to the measure of damages, it is so entirely and so properly in your province, and you are so in the habit of exercising your discretion upon those subjects, that I shall not say a word about it.

"*The Jury*, having retired for about half an hour, brought in a verdict for the plaintiff, *Damages, Two Hundred Pounds.*"

Cœlebs in search of a Wife, comprehending Observations on Domestic Habits and Manners, Religion and Morals. 2 vols. 8vo. pp. 413, 426. Lond. Cadell and Davies. 1809.

"" Surely," interrupted Lady Belfield, "you would not have these serious doctrines brought forward in story-books."

"" By no means, Madam," replied Mr. Stanley." Vol. 1. p. 383.

" " Surely, Charles," said Sir John, " you would not convert general conversation into a divinity-school, and friendly societies into debating-clubs."

" " Far from it," replied I (Cœlebs loquitur), " nor do I desire that ladies and gentlemen over their tea and coffee should rehearse their articles of faith, or fill the intervals of carving and eating, with introducing dogmas, or discussing controversies. I do not wish to erect the social table, which was meant for innocent recreation, into an arena for theological combatants." " Vol. 2. pp. 157—8.

Such, notwithstanding the denials of Mr. Stanley and Cœlebs characters, which always speak the author's sentiments, are the manifest objects of these volumes, which report and internal evidence alike attribute to the pen of Miss More. The work is a kind of religious novel, and is not the first we have seen. It's design is to direct us bachelors in the choice of a wife; and truly if we were not to marry till we found a Lucilla, the world would stand a fair chance of going unpeopled, and even when we had procured one we should not be inclined to marry her " unless we might have another for working-days; she would be too costly to wear every day." The plot of the " Search" is this: " Cœlebs is the man's name; his wife's Lucilla, you shall see anon." Cœlebs, a pious young man of fortune, upon the death of his parents, by one of whom he is told " not to marry till he had visited Mr. Stanley," and by the other " not to expect perfection but to look for consistency," sets out with these notable maxims, one in each hand, to " seek for a wife," just as the heroes of those tales, which amused our infancy, went out to *seek their fortune. He had not gone far before* he came to a friend of his father's, with whom and his two daughters, he dined off " many dishes which were out of season, ill-chosen, and ill-dressed," and as he " he had lately read in a most respectable periodical work, a paper which insisted that nothing tended to make ladies so useless and inefficient in the *menage* as the study of the dead languages, he [" jumped at the hit and a *major* it was*," in his syllogism] jumped to the conclusion, and was in an instant persuaded, that his young hostesses must not only be perfect mistresses of Latin, but the *tout ensemble* was so ill arranged as to induce him to give them credit for Greek also; turning suddenly

* Foote's Minor.

therefore to the eldest lady, he asked her at once if she did not think Virgil the finest poet in the world!"—Vol. 1. p. 33. *He went a little further*, and he came to the house of Mr. and Mrs. Ranby, where he derived much edification: *he went a little further*, and he came to that of Sir John and Lady Belfield, who like Mr. Interpreter in the Pilgrim's Progress, showed him many curious things, and accompanied him at length to his friend Mr. Stanley's, where he meets with his Lucilla Stanley, the the *belle ideale* of this young, serious, orthodox, establishment-man, and who he finds comes up to the model he had formed for his wife, Milton's Eve. It now appears that Calebs and Lucilla had been educated to play into each other's hands, and this solves the mystery of the father's injunction; while the acquisition of consistency and perfection too obeys the mother's. *And so*, after a separation of three months for the sake of "*putting the lovers more completely in possession of each other's character by an intercourse of letters*," *they are married, and live very happy after.*

This work is full of religious scandal. The only object of the pious coterie, which it describes, is to be better than all the world beside, and to set themselves up by pulling down their neighbours. Under pretence of improving themselves by lessons from the errors of others, these errors are discussed and exaggerated with a malice, truly unchristianlike, and a pride truly pharisaical. The sum and substance of their discourse is the best commentary upon the "Lord, I thank thee that I am not as other men are!" which we ever read. No vice, no folly, no religious error, is ever adverted to by this pious table, without an illustration, "Now there is so-and-so;" and then we have the history of so-and-so, together with a pretended lamentation over his errors, but a real delight in the appositeness of their illustration of the subject. Was there ever a finer piece of scandal than the following?

"Some days after [afterwards], while we were *conversing over our tea*, we heard the noise of a carriage; and Mr. Stanley looking out from a bow-window, in which he and I were sitting, said it was Lady and Miss Rattle, driving up the avenue. He had *just time to add*, "These are our *fine* neighbours. They always make us a visit as soon as they come down, while all the gloss and lustre of London is upon them. We have always our

regular routine of conversation. While her Ladyship is pouring the fashions into Mrs. Stanley's ear, Miss Rattle, who is about Phœbe's age, entertains my daughters and me, with the history her own talents and accomplishments."

"*Here they entered. After a few compliments*, Lady Rattle seated herself between Lady Belfield and Mrs. Stanley at the upper end of the room; while the fine, sprightly, boisterous girl of fifteen or sixteen, threw herself back on the sofa at nearly full length, between Mr. Stanley and me, the Miss Stanleys and Sir John sitting near us, within hearing of her lively loquacity.

"" *Well Miss Amelia,*" *said Mr. Stanley,* "*I dare say you have made good use of your time this winter; I suppose you have ere now completed the whole circle of the arts. Now let me hear what you have been doing, and tell me your whole achievements, as frankly as you used to do when you was* [*were*] *a little girl.*" "—Vol. 1. pp. 332-3.

Pious quizzer! This religious satirist would, we dare say, have shuddered to have denied himself to Lady and Miss Rattle; and yet that would have been a much more honourable mode of proceeding, than to receive his guests, merely to set them up as beacons or scare-crows to his family, and as butts for his own ridicule. This is the kind of friendship that Cowper describes:—

"Some friends make this their prudent plan:
"Say little, and hear all you can;
"Safe policy, but hateful!
"So barren sands imbibe the show'r,
"But render neither fruit nor flow'r,
"Unpleasant, and ungrateful."

The religious arguments, which are the constant theme of Mr. Stanley's house, are all managed so as to play into the hands of the established Church; and when its opponents cannot dissent any longer, Miss More converts them. The following is a very natural confession for a man to make to a promiscuous party, who had made him a morning visit! But first we will relate the circumstances of this man's conversion, effected not *under a sermon*, or in a dream, but—"nay, start not"—by a ragout. Our readers shall hear. Mr. Stanley is relating the history of this man, Mr. Carlton, and has just been describing the prayers of his wife for his conversion.

"A day or two previous to this, they had dined at our

house. He had always been much addicted to the pleasures of the table. He expressed high admiration of a particular dish, and mentioned again when he got home how much he liked it. The next morning Mrs. Carlton wrote to Lucilla to beg the receipt for making this ragout, and this day when he returned from his solitary ramble and " compunctious visitings," the favourite dish, most exquisitely dressed, was produced at his dinner. He thanked her for this obliging attention, and turning to the butler, directed him to tell the cook that no dish was ever so well dressed. Mrs. Carlton blushed when the *honest* butler said, " Sir, it was my mistress dressed it with her own hands, because she knew your honour was fond of it."

" *Tears of gratitude* rushed into Tarlton's eyes, and *tears of joy* overflowed those of the old domestic, when his master, *rising from the table, tenderly embraced his wife, and declared he was unworthy of such a treasure.* " I have been guilty of a public wrong, Johnson," said he to his servant, " and my reparation shall be as public, I can never deserve her, but my life shall be spent in endeavouring to do so."""—vol. 1. p. 260.

Mr. Tarlton's confession is as long as a sermon: the following extract from it must suffice:

" " As I presume that you, gentlemen, are not ignorant of the errors of my early life,—error indeed is an apellation far too mild—I shall not scruple to own to you the source of those prejudices, which retarded my progress, even after I became ashamed of my deviations from virtue. I had felt the turpitude of my bad habits long before I had courage to avow my abhorrencc of them."" Vol. 2. p. 61.

" " By such examples, and by cordially adopting those principles which produced them, together with a daily encreasing sense of my past enormities, I hope to become in time less unworthy of the wife to whom I owe my peace on earth, and my hope in heaven."

" The tears, which had been collecting in Mrs. Carlton's eyes, now silently stole down her cheeks." Vol. 2. p. 75.

There is much of this sickening stuff, this uxurious whining.

" Sir John Belfield declared, that he should pay a bad compliment to Lady Belfield, who had so much higher claims to his esteem, if he were to allege that domestic

habits were the determining cause of his choice, yet had he seen no such tendencies in her character, he should have suspected her power of making him as happy as she had done.

" " I confess with shame," said Mr. Carlton, " that one of the first things which touched me with any sense of my wife's merit, was the admirable good sense she discovered in the direction of my family [Anglicé, the ragout]. Even at the time that I had most reason to blush at my own conduct, she never gave me cause to blush for her's. The praises canstantly bestowed on her elegant yet prudent arrangements by my friends, flattered my vanity, and raised her in my opinion, though they did not lead me to do her full justice."

" *The two ladies who were thus agreeably flattered, looked modestly grateful.*" Vol. 2. pp. 169—170.

The following anecdote of Mr. Carlton still however leads us to think that he wants another ragout.

" While Mrs. Carlton is advancing her husband's relish for books of piety, he is forming her's to polite literature. She herself often proposes an amusing book, that he may not suspect her of a wish to abridge his innocent gratifications; and by this compliance she gains more than she loses, for, *not to be outdone in* GENEROSITY, he often proposes some pious one in return. Thus their mutual *sacrifices* are mutual benefits." Vol. 1. p. 262.

The great repellent of this work is that it sets up too high a standard of perfection, The doctrine which runs through it, " expect not perfection, but look for consistency," is nonsense; for it is plain that by consistency Miss More means consistency of goodness, and that *is* perfection. And the fact is that Lucilla is, agreeably to the orthodox notion, a perfect character, a Christian, according to the established Church of England, without a single inconsistency or imperfection. She may have her little fears that she is not so, and her little bewailings of her half peccadilloes; but this only adds modesty to perfection. She may exclaim,

" " How little is the human heart known, except to him who made it? While a fellow-creature may admire our apparent devotion, He who appears to be its object witnesses the wanderings of the heart, which seems to be lifted up to him. He sees it roving to the ends of the earth, busied about any thing rather than himself, running after trifles which not only dishonour a Christian,

would disgrace a child. As to my very virtues, *if I dare apply such a word to myself*, they sometimes lose their character by not keeping their proper place. *They become sins by infringing on higher duties.* If I mean to perform an act of devotion, *some crude plan of charity forces itself on my mind, and what with trying to drive out the one* and to establish the other, I rise dissatisfied and unimproved, and resting my sole hope, not on the duty which I have been performing, but on the mercy which I have been offending." Vol. 2. pp. 104—5.

This is the patent superfine religion of the present day. But this is surpassed by the following anecdote of this "earthly paragon." Lucilla, although great pains have been taken to impress upon our minds that she is not an "artist," is, as she is once called, "the little Repton of the village," and as she once calls herself, a gardener by "profession." The following is the address of her mother to Cœlebs, one day while Lucilla was exercising her profession.

"Poor thing! her conscience is so tender, that she oftener requires encouragement than restraint. While she was making this plantation, she felt herself so absorbed by it, that she came to me one day, and said that her gardening work so fascinated her, that she found *whole hours passed unperceived*; and she began to be uneasy by observing that all cares, all duties, were suspended, while she was disposing beds of carnations, or knots of anemonies. Even when she tore herself away, and returned to her employments, her flowers still pursued her, and the improvement of her mind gave way to the cultivation of her geraniums.

"'I am afraid,' said the poor girl, 'that I must really give it up.' I would not hear of this.—I would not suffer her to deny herself so pure a pleasure. She then suggested the expedient of limiting her time, and hanging up her watch in the conservatory to keep her within her prescribed bounds. She is so observant of this restriction, that *when her allotted time is expired, she forces herself to leave off, even in the midst of the most interesting operation.*" Vol. 2. pp. 112.—3.

Surely the following trait in Lucilla is supererogatory!

"'These are not tears of distress," said she, sweetly smiling. "I am quite ashamed that I have so little self-control; but Mrs. Carlton has given me so much pleasure! I have caught the infection of her joy, though my foolish

sympathy looks more like sorrow. My poor friend is at last quite happy—I know you will rejoice with us—Mr. Carlton has for some time *regularly read the bible with her.*" Vol. 2. pp. 198—9.

This, and the particulars of the institution of family-prayers in Mr. Carlton's family which follow, are not the things to be gossipped all over the village.

We cannot help thinking the following anecdote remarkably silly; and that the charities recommended in this work are all somewhat ostentatious, and a little more picturesque than real Charity cares to be.

" After dinner, when the whole party were walking in the garden, Lady Aston was desired by her daughter to conduct her company to a winding-grass, near the little building, but from whence it was not visible. While they were all waiting at the appointed place, the two elder Miss Astons *gravely took a hand of Lucilla, Sir George and I each presented a hand to Phœbe, and in profound silence, and great ceremony, we led them up the turf steps into this simple, but* REALLY PRETTY, *temple.* The initials of Lucilla and Phœbe were carved in cypher over a little rustic window, under which was written,

" *Sacred to Friendship.*"

In two niches prepared for the purpose, we severally seated the astonished NYMPHS, *who seemed absolutely enchanted.* Above was the inscription in large Roman letters.

" I forgot to mention, that as we crossed the Park, we had seen enter the house, through a back avenue, *a pro-procession of little girls neatly dressed in a uniform.* In a whisper, I asked Lady Aston what it meant. " You are to know," replied her Ladyship, " that my daughters adopt all Miss Stanley's plans, and among the rest, that of associating with all their own indulgencies some little act of charity, that while they are receiving pleasure they may also be conferring it. The opening of the temple of Friendship is likely to afford too much gratification, to be passed over without some such association. So my girls have to-day *a little feast, with prizes of merit, to their village school,* and to a few other deserving young persons."

" When we had taken our seats in the temple, Phœbe suddenly cried out, clasping her hands in an extasy, " Only look, Lucilla! *There is no end of the enchantment. It is all fairy land.*" On casting our eyes as she directed, we were agreeably surprised with observing a

large kind of shed or booth at some distance from us. It was picturesquely fixed near an old spreading oak, and was ingeniously composed of branches of trees, fresh and green. *Under the oak stood ranged the village maids.* We walked on the spot. *The inside of the booth was hung round with caps, aprons, bonnets, handkerchiefs, and other coarse, but neat articles of female dress. On a rustic table were laid a number of Bibles, and specimens of several kinds of coarse works, and little manufactures.* The various performances were examined by the company; some presents were given to all. But additional prizes were awarded by the young Patronesses, to the best spinners, to the best knitters, the best manufacturers of split-straw, and the best performers of plain work, *I think they called it.*"—vol. 2. pp. 133—6.

" The light of religion" says Lady Aston in one place, " was *literally* a " lamp to my feet.'" She means *metaphorically.*

One of the best hits in the book is copied from Miss Burney's Evelina. Our readers will recollect the similarity: it is in Miss Brangton's conversation to Evelina concerning Mr. Smith.

" In the evening, Mrs. Ranby was lamenting, in general and rather customary terms, her own exceeding sinfulness. Mr. Ranby said, " You accuse yourself rather too heavily, my dear, you have sins to be sure." " And pray what sins have I, Mr. Ranby?" said she, turning upon him with so much quickness that the poor man stared."—vol. I. p. 60.

In one place, vol. ii. p. 94, Miss More has fallen into the religious dilemma of her brother-divine, Mr. Owen, who talked of " Providence being reduced to an alternative." She says, " The infinite power of God can never stand in need of the aid of a weak mortal to *help him out in his difficulties.* If he sees fit to preserve the life, or save the country, he is not *driven to such shifts. Omnipotence can extricate himself.*"

We have thus thought it our duty to expose the absurdities into which Miss More has fallen by endeavouring to turn the tea-table into the communion-table, by endeavouring to turn every person into a polemic, and every thing into religion. This author has certainly considerable talents, and we dare say considerable worth; but she would do better not to pervert the one, and obtrude the other,

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

Mr. De Luc has in the press, an Elementary Treatise on Geology, containing an examination of some modern geological systems, and more particularly of the Huttonian Theory of the Earth. This work is translated from the French manuscript, by the Rev. Henry De La Fite, M. A. of Trinity College, Oxford, and will form an octavo volume.

REVIEW OF MUSIC.

A Maltese Hymn, for three voices. From the original by the Rev. H. Kett. *Composed by George Maximilian Slatter*, pupil to Dr. Callcott, and respectfully inscribed to Mrs. Oom.

We have the greatest satisfaction in announcing this ingenious composition to the lovers of vocal harmony, in which is to be found a happy union of sweet melody and agreeable modulation. The contrast between the measures commencing at the direction "Spiritoso," and the restoration of the "Tempo Primo," where the former style of smooth and pleasing transition is employed, is managed in a judicious and masterly manner. The plain chant chosen for the Latin burden of the air, "O beata Virgine," is well adapted, and produces a pathetic and solemn effect; and we consider ourselves fully warranted by truth to give the whole piece our most unequivoaal commendation. SAMUEL WESLEY.

A Selection of Irish Melodies, with symphonies and cacompaniments by *Sir John Stevenson*, Mus. Doc. and characteristic words by Thos. Moore, Esq. No. II. J. Power, London. W. Power, Dublin.

THE second Number of the Irish Melodies is by no means inferior to the first, either in music or poetry. The air "Oh! weep for the hour," ("The Pretty Girl of Derby, O!") is harmonized in a style of great elegance; and that and the beautiful airs called in Ireland "The Red Fox," The Black Joke," and "My lodging is on the cold ground," have particularly pleased us in their arrangement. The song which Mr. Moore has written to "The Black Joke" is both poetical and political; and though the affairs of Spain have now rendered it as to that country an *old newspaper*, yet it is still good in the cause of Ireland.

Our favourite dance of *Cory Owen*, we find, takes its name from a corruption of *Garyone*.

Henry, a favourite ballad written by the Hon. Lumley St. George Skeffington, the music *by G. Lanza*, jun. and sung by his pupils with universal applause, at the Nobilities' Concerts, and at Manchester. Birchall, London.

This is a very pleasing air, arranged with much taste. Its graces are however rather above the execution of an amateur.

The words can add no credit to Mr. Skeffington's present literary estimation.

REVIEW OF THE FINE ARTS.

BRITISH GALLERY.

Two Views of the Town and Pier of Margate, during the Storm from the N.N.W. on the 14th and 15th of January, 1808, from drawings made on the spot *by J. Hassell.* M. Jones, Newgate-street.

These scenes are worthy the attention of every person who has visited the gay town of Margate, and wishes to possess a just delineation of the tremendous effects of the grand display of horror in which they are here pourtrayed. They are exceedingly well executed, and give a just idea of the subject.

VERSE.

TO THE CRITIC,

WHO HAS EXPOSED THE PLAGIARISMS OF MOORE, AUTHOR OF LITTLE'S POEMS.

Of humour prithee hear a son,
Rhyme quaintly of *comparison*.
Making an epigram with ease,
By mere *grammatical degrees*.
Feigned *Little* gay loose verses wrote,
That got him quickly into note.
While saints would own no touch of him,
Girls foolishly made *much* of him.
Now critic-eyes that closely pore
Have found the forger false is *More*.
Expos'd you whip him at your post,
A petty-larc'ny bard at *most*.

March 6, 1809. I. P. S.

FAREWELL LINES TO BRISTOL HOTWELLS.

BRISTOL! in vain thy rocks attempt the sky,
Or wild woods wave upon their giddy brow,
And vainly, devious Avon! vainly sigh
Thy waters, winding through the vales below.

In vain, upon thy glassy bosom borne,
Th' expected vessel proudly glides along;
And mid thy echoes at the break of morn
Is heard the homeward shipboy's happy song.

For ah! amid thy sweet romantic shade,
By Friendship led, fair drooping Beauty moves,
Thy hallow'd cup of health affords no aid,
Nor charm thy birds that chaunt their woodland loves.

Each morn I view her through thy wave-girt grove
Her white robe flutt'ring round her sinking form,
O'er the sweet ruin shine those eyes of love,
As bright stars beaming through a midnight storm.

Here sorrowing Love seeks a sequester'd bow'r,
Calls on thy Spring to calm his troubl'd breast;
Bright hope alights not on his pensive hour,
Nor can thy *favour'd fountains* yield him rest.

Despair across his joy now intervenes,
And sternly bids the little cherub fly;
While his eyes close amid thy beauteous scenes,
His last sighs bless the form that bids him die.

Farewell then, Bristol! thou can'st yield no joy,
Thy woods look darken'd with funereal gloom;
Sickness and sorrow on thy green banks sigh,
And all thy form is but a *beauteous tomb*.

Ah! may each future suff'rer hov'ring near,
Rais'd by thy genial wave, delighted view
Returning joy and health supremely dear,
Long lost to him who sadly sighs adieu!

THE DRAMA.

THE GREEK DRAMA.

[*Continued from p.* 266.]

The Persæ of Æschylus turns upon the ill-fated expedition of Xerxes against Greece, which, as every one knows, terminated in the complete frustration of the hopes of the invader by the battles of Salamis and Platæa. Here was an opportunity for introducing a considerable portion of bustle, and more bustle it has than the generality of the ancient dramas; and is, besides, by no means destitute of interest. The play exhibits a succession of calamitous events, all contributing to impress one great and important moral, that unjust ambition, however for a time successful, will not escape the punishment it deserves.

There is nothing striking in the characters of this tragedy: the best perhaps is that of Atossa, the mother of Xerxes, which is supported with a becoming dignity, and challenges our pity and our admiration. In the character of Xerxes, which might be reasonably expected to interest us more than any of the rest, there are certainly some beauties, as there are in all the characters of Æschylus: but some of his effusions of sorrow might, I fear, be as appropriately applied to a child whimpering for the loss of his play-things, as to a king lamenting the destruction of his armies. Armies, to be sure, are the play-things of kings.

The choral odes are excellent, and the diction through the whole play is in the usual style of its author. Atossa's description of her dream is noble and finely imagined: Æschylus could not have paid a more elegant compliment to his countrymen. But with the compliment expressed in this dream he might have contented himself, and omitted the subsequent panegyric on Athens in particular, which is certainly introduced with less elegance and propriety.

The description of the glorious battle of Salamis is such, as cannot, I think, be paralleled by any of the boasted descriptions of Sophocles. It has more of fire,

and less of frigid labour, than any of that author's writings: Æschylus was not reduced to disturb his brain, and "sink from thought to thought," in order to invent the imaginary circumstances of a great contest: he had himself been present at the battle, he described it as he had seen it, his mind was warmed by the recollection of past glory, and his pen wrote down what was dictated by the instantaneous ardour of his mind. From the first line to the last, the attention is hurried irresistibly along: whether he describes the mutual exhortations of the Greeks, or the desperate struggles of the disappointed Barbarians, the eager rush to the battle, or the rattling of the shattered vessels, we "more than see it, we feel it too." The mind is transported to the rocks of Salamis, and hangs with impatience on the contest: the collision of ships resounds in our ears, and we burn to mingle in the tumult. When the fervor of imagination has at length subsided, we are instantly reminded of the victories of Nelson, the Themistocles of England. Such a description would make a hero of a coward: it is "spirit-stirring," it is sublime. I will defy any man, who has a head to understand, and a heart to feel, to read through the first twenty lines, and then refuse to proceed to the end of this passage.

Æschylus has certainly offended against propriety in putting the following words into the mouth of the Persian messenger:—

"Στρατῷ γαρ πας ολωλε βαρβαρων."

The Greeks were very fond of denominating all the world, except themselves, *barbarians;* but that the Persians should assume to themselves that opprobrious appellation, as they are repeatedly made to do in this play, is certainly somewhat out of character. Nor is it less inconsistent, that the same Persians, after their defeat, should bestow encomiums, instead of execrations, on the country of Greece, which they dignify with the epithet *divine.* These are evidently the sentiments of the author, and not of his characters. It would be perfectly natural for them to express surprize at the vigorous resistance of the Greeks, just as we are suprised at the achievements of Napoleon: but in spite of all the defeats, which we, or our allies, have had the honour of receiving at the hands of that illustrious conqueror, we do not think him quite divine.

In this play Æschylus has employed the agency of supernatural beings; and as the world of spirits has been so successfully explored by Shakspeare, the appearance of the ghost of Darius here may afford a good opportunity of comparing the two poets. In this important department of his art, Æschylus has exerted a considerable portion of skill, and certainly with no small share of success. I know of no poet who has equalled him in this respect, except Shakspeare, who has surpassed him.

The invocation, with which the chorus evokes Darius from the infernal regions, is solemn and appropriate; and it is well contrived by the poet, that he does not earlier attend the summons: the length of the delay serves to increase our suspense, and adds to the solemnity of the scene. I am afraid, however, that there is no adequate reason for so important and terrible a circumstance, as the re-appearance of the dead upon earth. For the appearance of the ghost of Hamlet's father, we know there were the best of all possible reasons, and the subsequent events of the play could not have been produced without it: but in Æschylus the tranquillity of the grave is disturbed, merely because,

" Ει τι κακων ακος οιδε πλεον,
" Μονος αν θνητων περας ειποις," *v.* 633—4.

Darius alone would declare, what remedy could be provided, if ακος be the true reading. It seems, however, most probable, that αχος is right, and if so, Darius is summoned merely to forewarn them of the rest of their calamities. But the foreknowledge of events, which cannot be avoided, is not only useless, but an accumulation of sorrow upon sorrow. Horace's rule, therefore, respecting the " dignus vindice nodus" is here evidently violated; and, by a circumstance so extraordinary and so terrific as the appearance of the dead, no adequate end is attained.

What motive then could induce Æschylus to make use of so unprofitable an expedient? Why, he wished, it seems, to inform his auditors as well as possible of the calamities which befel the Persians subsequently to the battle of Salamis, their defeat at Platæa, &c., and thus to display in stronger colours the glory of his countrymen; but these incidents could not be included in his drama, for that would be too gross a violation of the unity of time. The author has therefore had recourse

to his present method. Such were the rigid laws of the ancient drama, which, however loudly they may be extolled, or however successfully imitated by the French writers, I am sure no Englishman need envy: let us rather thank our stars, that Shakspeare either despised or knew nothing about them.

Darius however appears, and addresses himself to the chorus, whose answer is well adapted to the reverence which the Persians were used to pay to their monarchs, and will probably remind the reader of the opening of Hamlet's speech to his father's ghost.

"Angels and ministers of grace defend us!"

"Σεβομαι μεν προσιδεσθαι,
"Σεβομαι δ' αντια λεξαι
"Σεθεν, αρχαιω περι ταρβει.
v. 696-8.

After this ensues a conversation sufficiently frigid, in which no point is gained, and but little information conveyed either to the audience or the characters, at least in a dramatic view: we hear however from the mouth of Darius a piece of historical information, which though not of sufficient importance to awaken the dead, especially as it might be as well delivered by any other of the *dramatis personæ*, serves to reconcile us to the continuance of his stay upon earth.

This then is the whole secret of the introduction of the ghost: the action of the play, if it be not retarded by his appearance, is certainly not advanced by it: so that this episode, or whatever it may be termed, has little other merit, than the awful solemnity of its commencement; and even this merit is somewhat unlucky, as it tends by the force of contrast to increase our disappointment at its conclusion. The whole management of the ghost in Hamlet is well known to every one; and it is presumed, that from the above slight analysis Shakspeare's superiority over Æschylus in this point will be easily apparent.

After the departure of Darius nothing material occurs to the close of the drama. Xerxes enters on the stage, and the play is concluded with a long strain of sympathetic lamentation between him and the chorus, which is not remarkable for any originality or strength of sentiment. The lamentations of the Greek tragedians are generally extended to an unreasonable length, which is

certainly not suited to the sorrow of nature. Shakspeare has exhibited an exquisite picture of sorrow in his noble scene of Macduff: but Æschylus has presented us with prolixity, repetition, and loquaciousness. Xerxes desires his subjects to groan, and they groan: he orders them to rend their garments, and to lament with loud bewailings, and they submissively reply, "this too we will do."

We are not to look for the excellencies of this writer in his pathos, in which department he is undoubtedly inferior to Euripides. But in the reign of terror, in the art of imparting to the spectators the starting horror of the scene, he is surpassed by none, either ancient or modern, except Shakspeare,

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MR. TOBIN'S PLAGIARISMS.

[*Concluded from p.* 272.]

THE CURFEW.

Act III. Scene 3.

" *Bertrand.* ————I know not,
" Why I was prest into this bustling world;
" But here I am, and let my deeds proclaim me."

" *Val.* I know no more, why I came, than you do, why you called me: but here I am," &c. CONGREVE, *Love for Love.*

" *Baron.* Look to your wife."
" Look to your wife—observe her well with Cassio."
Othello.

" *Fitzharding.* Some one whom you had wrong'd then—
" *Baron.* It should seem so.
" Yet to this hour, by what resentment mov'd,
" Or who the dark contriver of my shame,
" I am most ignorant
" *Fitz.* That's strange indeed!
" And could you never guess?
" *Bar.* No, on my soul.
" Most wonderful!—Could you remember no one,
" Whom by some galling wrong, some deep-fix'd insult,
" You had most grievously provok'd?
" *Bar.* No, never.
* * * * * * * * * * * * *
" *Fitz. (Aside)* Indeed?"
" *Zanga.* Some foe to your repose—
" *Alonzo.* So heav'n look on me,
" As I can't find the man I have offended.
" *Zanga.* (*Aside*) Indeed?" *Revenge.*

Scene 4.

" *Conrad.* No matter, lads, do your duty, and leave the rest to fortune—tho' it may'nt be our luck to escape the gallows, 'tis at least in our power to deserve it."

" 'Tis not in mortals to command success;
" But we'll do more, Sempronius—we'll deserve it."

ADDISON, *Cato.*

Act IV. Seene 1.

" *Fitzharding.* They are the only records of the time."
" They are the abstract and brief chronicles of the time."

Hamlet.

" *Matilda.* To gaze upon the star-wrought firmament."

Here Mr. Tobin has copied himself:

" To make men stare upon a piece of earth,
" As on the star-wrought firmament." *Honey Moon.*

" *Matilda.* The very dogs are taught to bark at me."
" Dogs bark at me as I halt along." *Richard III.*

Act V. Scene 2.

" *Fitzharding.* When thou held'st me to thy cred'lous breast,
" I did not strangle thee," &c.
" ———————— I did not stab him,—
" For that were poor revenge." *Revenge.*

WILKES ON STAGE-DRESS.

The following Extracts from Wilkes's General View of the Stage, 1759, is in the spirit of the Observations on the Stage-Costume of old Comedy in our Second Number.

" But this we may however assert, that if a greater attention was bestowed on this subject, and the noted personages were dressed according to nature, and what we learn of them from their histories or pictures yet existing, it would let us much more readily into the truth of the story, and greatly beautify the representation. This should be observed with great attention in all historical plays; but, where the characters are more general, such as Fine Gentlemen, Fops, Beaux, Prudes, &c. these being the growth of all ages ahd nations, are to be dressed according to our present ideas of those characters, and to the appearances they make in common life, because their manners are nearly the same, though their dresses may differ. And as they are more general, it would be absurd to introduce them to us in the fashionable dress of the Poet's days, which according to the fluctuation of fashions,

we may suppose, is either unknown or generally disused: For example, what should we think of a Lord Foppington now dressed with a large full-bottomed wig, laced cravat, buttons as large as apples, or a Millimant with a head-dress four stories high?

"Sir Godfrey Kneller and other celebrated Painters were so sensible of this continual change of dress, that they drew their Ladies usually in their hair, and in a fashion of their own creating, which they were certain would be always new and graceful.

"Mr. Cibber tells us, that, "Dogget in dressing a character to the greatest exactness, was remarkably skilful; the least article of whatever habit he wore, seemed in some degree to speak and mark the different humour he represented; a necessary care in a Comedian, in which many have been too remiss or ignorant." I've heard this confirmed from one that performed with Dogget; and that he could with the greatest exactness paint his face so as to represent the ages of seventy, eighty, and ninety, distinctly, which occasioned Sir Godfrey Kneller to tell him one day at Button's Coffee-house, that, "he excelled him in painting; for, that he could only copy nature from the originals before him, but he (Dogget) could vary them at pleasure, and yet keep a close likeness." In the character of Moneytrap, in the Confederacy, he wore an old thread-bare black coat, to which he had put new cuffs, pocket-lids, and buttons, on purpose to make its rustiness more conspicuous. The neck was stuffed so as to make him appear round-shouldered, and gave his head the greater prominency; his square-toed shoes were large enough to buckle over those he wore in common, which made his legs appear much smaller than usual."

"Thus, the most trifling circumstance in dress judiciously introduced will heighten a character, and have a very good effect. I doubt whether the enormity of the Mock-Doctor's wig does not add greatly in vulgar eyes to the humour of the character; I remember a performer in the Miser, who in his rage for the loss of his money tore open his waistcoat, and discovered an old patched flannel one under it, which single circumstance (though trifling in itself) not only greatly illustrated the character, but very much heightened the diversion of his audience. Hence it will follow, that the judgment and care of an Actor, in thus adapting his dress to his character, will add greatly to his success and reputation. I have often observed that the

Foppingtons, when dressed with uncommon elegance, have greatly prepossessed the audience, though perhaps the Actor did not utter a single sentence afterwards to support that prepossession.

" The dignity of tragic characters allows that the style should be proportionably so; and these being fewer in kind are not so frequently varied; but those of Comedy include a greater variety of Characters which come nearer to our conceptions. The variety of dress both in high and low life must be attended to in the Drama, otherwise the propriety cannot be supported."

ANALYSIS OF PRYNNE'S HISTRIO-MASTIX.

" Histrio-mastix, the Players Scourge, or, Actors Tragædie, divided into two parts. Wherein it is largely evidenced, by divers Arguments, by the concurring Authorities and Resolutions of sundry texts of Scripture; of the whole Primitive Church, both under the Law and Gospell; of 55 Synodes and Councels; of 71 Fathers and Christian Writers, before the yeare of our Lord 1200; of above 150 foraigne and domestique Protestant and Popish Authors, since; of 40 Heathen Philosophers, Historians, Poets; of many Heathen, many Christian Nations, Republiques, Emperors, Princes, Magistrates; of sundry Apostolicall, Canonicall, Imperiall Constitutions; and of our owne English Statutes, Magistrates, Universities, Writers, Preachers. That popular Stage-playes (the very Pompes of the Divell which we renounce in Baptisme, if we beleeve the Fathers) are sinfull, heathenish, lewde, ungodly Spectacles, and most pernicious Corruptions; condemned in all ages, as intolerable Mischiefes to Churches, to Republickes, to the manners, minds and soules of men. And that the Profession of Play-poets, of Stage-players; together with the penning, acting, and frequenting of Stage-playes, are unlawfull, infamous and misbeseeming Christians. All pretences to the contrary are here likewise fully answered; and the unlawfulnes of acting, of beholding Academicall Enterludes, briefly discussed; besides sundry other particulars concerning Dancing, Dicing, Health-drinking, &c. of which the Table will informe you. By William Prynne, an Vtter-Barrester

of Lincolnes Inne. Cyprian de Spectaculis lib. p. 244. Fugienda sunt ista Christianis fidelibus, ut jam frequenter diximus, tàm vana, tàm perniciosa, tàm sacrilega Spectacula: quæ, etsi non haberent crimen, habent in se et maximam, et parum congruentê fidelibus vanitatê. Lactantius de Verò Cultu. cap. 20. Vitanda ergo Spectacula omnia, non solum ne quid vitiorum pectoribus insideat, &c. sed ne cuius nos voluptatis consuetudo delineat, atque à Deo et a bonis operibus avertat. Chrysost. Hom. 38. in Matth. Tom. 2. Col. 299. B. et Hom. 8. De Pænitentia, Tom. 5. Col. 750. Immo verò, his Theatralibus ludis eversis, non leges, sed iniquitatem evertetis, ac omnem civitatis pestem extinguetis: Etenim Theatrum, communis luxuriæ officina, publicum incontinentiæ gymnasium, cathedra pestilentia; pessimus locus; plurimorumque morborum plena Babylonica formax, &c. Augustinus De Civit. Dei, l. 4. c. 1. Si tantummodo boni et honesti homines in civitate essent, nec in rebus humanis Ludi scenici esse debuissent. London, Printed by E. A. and W. I. for Michael Sparke, and are to be sold at the Blue Bible, in Greene Arbour, in little Old Bayly. 1633." 4to. pp. 1006.

This scarce and curious work is dedicated "to his much honoured friends, the Right Worshipfull Masters of the Bench of the Honourable flourishing Lavv-Society of Lincolnes-Inne," which is praised as being the only Inn of Court that does not "admit of common Actors and Enterludes upon their two grand Festivals, (All-Saints and Candlesmasse day) to recreate themselves withall." The Epistle Dedicatory concludes with the following Statement of the author's motives for his publication. "For having upon my first arrivall here in London, heard and seene in foure severall playes (to which the pressing importunity of some ill-acquaintance drew me whiles I was yet a novice) such wickednes, such lewdnes as then made my penitent heart to loath, my conscience to abhorre all Stage-playes ever since: and having likewise then observed some wofull experiments of the lewd mischievous fruits of Playes, of Play-houses in some young Gentlemen of my acquaintance, who though civill and chast at first, became so vitious, prodigall, incontinent, deboist, (yea so farre past hopes of all amendment) in half a yeares space or lesse, by their resort to Playes, where whores and lewd companions had inveagled them, that after many vaine assaies of their much desired refermation, two of them

were cast off, and utterly disinherited by their *loving* Parents, whom I heard oft complaining *even with teares*; That Playes and Play-houses had undone their children, to their no small vexation: (A good caveat for all young students to keepe themselves from Play-houses by these two youngsters harmes:) here upon I resolved (out of a desire of publike good) to oppugne these common vice-fomenting evills: For which purpose about some 7 yeares since, recollecting those Play-condemning passages which I had met with in the Fathers and other Authors, I digested them into one entire written Discourse; which having since that time enlarged beyond its intended Bulk, because I saw the number of Players, Play-books, Play-haunters, and Play-houses still increasing, then *above forty thousand Play-books printed within these two yeares*, (as Stationers informe mee,) they being now more vendible than the choycest sermons; two olde Play-houses (The Fortune and Red-bull) being also lately reedified, enlarged, and one new Theatre (White Friers Playhouse) erected, the multitude of our London Play-haunters being so augmented now, that all the ancient Divels Chappels (for so the Fathers stile all Play-houses) being five in number, are not sufficient to containe their troopes, whence we see a sixth now added to them; whereas even in vitious Nero his raigne there were but three standing Theaters in Pagan Rome (though farre more spacious than our Christian London) and those three too many:" &c. &c. Then follows another "Epistle Dedicatory, To the Right Christian, Generous young Gentlemen-Students of the 4 famous Innes of Court, and expecially those of Lincolnes Inne"; and afterwards a Latin poem "Autor ad Opus suum, ex. Joanne Saresberiensi, ad opus suum de Nugis Curialium. Bibl. Patrum. Tom. 15. p. 339, 340."

The work is divided into two parts, the first being subdivided into "The Prologue," "The argument Parts, and Method, of the ensuing Tragædie." and eight "Acts," of one or more "Scenes" each, with an occasional "Chorus," and the second being subdivided into five Acts and a "Catastrophe."

The author thus states the object of his proof in his "Argument." "That all popular, and common Stage-Playes, whether Comicall, Tragicall, Satyricall, Mimicall, or mixt of either: (especially, as they are now compiled, and personated among us,) are such sinfull, hurtfull, and pernitious Recreations, as are altogether vn-

seemely, and vnlawfull unto Christians. My reasons to euince the vnlawfulnesse of Stage-Playes, I shall branch into these sixe severall Acts. The first, is drawn from the Originall Authors, and Inuentors of them: The second, from those Impious endes, to which they were destinated, and ordained at the first: The third, from their ordinary Stile, or subiect matter, which no Christian can ever justifie, or excuse: The fourth, from the persons that Act and parties who frequent them: The fift, from the very forme, and manner of their Action, and those severall parts, and circumstances which attend them: The sixt, from the pernitious effects, and sinfull fruites, which vsually, if not necessarily, and perpetually issue from them: My authorities doe marshall themselves into seuen severall Squadrons: The first, consisting of Scriptures: The second, of the whole Primitiue Church, both vnder the Law, and Gospel: The third, of Councells, and Canonicall, or Papall Constitutions: The fourth, of the ancient godly Fathers: The fift, of Moderne Christian writers of all sorts, as well Diuines, as others: The sixt, of Heathen Philosophers, Orators, Historians, and Poets: The last, of the Acts, and Edicts of sundry Christian, and Heathen States, and Emperours. All which accompanied with the irrefragable, and plaine defeates of those pretences, which giue any colourable iustification to these Theatricall Enterludes; will giue no doubt a fatall, if not a finall ouerthrow, or Catastrophe to Playes, and Actors, whose dismall Tragœdie doeth now begin."

This prophecy was not quite accomplished by Master Prynne's learned and sophistical rubbish. His second part "infers the three ensuing Corollaries:" "First, That the profession of a Play-poet, or the composing of Comedies, Tragedies or such like Playes for publike Players or Play-houses, is altogether infamous and unlawfull. Secondly, That the very profession of a Stage-player, together with the acting of Playes and enterludes, either in publike theatres or private houses; is infamous, Scandalous, and no wayes lawfull unto Christians. Thirdly: That it is an infamous shamefull, and unlawfull practise for Christians to be either spectators or frequenters of Playes or Play-houses."

The work is literally overlaid by quotations from the Scriptures, the Fathers, and the Classics, perverted to prove any thing; and is a huge monument of the author's learning and folly.

THE THEATRES.

KING'S THEATRE.

FEBRUARY.

28. I Villegiatori Bizzari. The Asiatic Divertissement, Don Quichotte.

MARCH.

4. Id. Id. Id.

7. LA CACCIA DI ENRICO IV. an heroi-comic opera (1), the music entirely new, and composed by Signor Pucitta. The principal characters by Signor SIBONI, Signor Naldi, Signor Righi, Signor Rovedino, Signor Braghetti, Signor Morelli, Signor de Giovanna, Signora Griglietti, Signora Pucitta and Signora Collini. Id. Id.

11. Id. Id. Id.

14. Id. A Divertissement Ballet, composed by Mr. D'Egville, entitled LES JEUX FLORAUX (2), the music by F. Venua. The principal characters by Mons. Deshayes, Mons. Vestris, Mons. Moreau, Mons. Boisgerard, Madame Deshayes, Madlle. LUPINO, from the Opera-house in St. Petersburgh (her first appearance), and Madlle. Angiolini. Id.

18. Id. Id. Id.

21. I Villegiatori Bizarri. Id. Id.

25. Id. The Asiatic Divertissement. Id.

(1) " It has been a favourite subject," says Bishop Percy, in his preface to the ballad of " The King and the Miller of Mansfield," with our English ballad-makers to represent our Kings conversing, either by accident or design, with the meanest of their subjects." This practice is universal, and the French have a very pretty opera called " *La Partie de Chasse d'Henri Quatre*," very nearly allied to our " King and the Miller," from which the present Italian opera is " totally altered and re-written," founded, says the author, M. Buonaiuti, upon the French, but not a bit like it. This is very true; and *tant pis*. The *elegant* English preface to this opera furnishes us, in half a page, with a new art of poetry, which leaves Horace, Boileau, and Pope, at an amazing distance. Its great principle is the sacrifice of sense to sound; and it must be confessed that never was theory so well followed up by practice, as in the present opera. It would be burlesque, were it not childish; it is not even

ludicrously absurd. And yet the author has had the boldness to defend himself! The Dibdins, Hooks, and Wards of the day have at least their equal in M. Buonaiuti.

Signor Siboni, who appeared in this opera, is a good musician, and a tasteful singer. He has however too much flourish.

(2) This is a very pretty divertissement, and displays the talents of Vestris and Angiolini, if possible, to greater advantage than ever. Madlle. Lupino, who made her first skim round the lamps in it, is a pretty dancer; but the lower part of her figure is against the *pirouette*. We prefer her however to Miss Gayton, who has left the service; there was latterly an arrogance about this young lady that disgusted us; and in the real principles of her art, she was certainly inferior to Madlle. Lupino.

THEATRE ROYAL, DRURY-LANE.

FEBRUARY.

23. [Never acted] A Comic Opera in three Acts, called THE CIRCASSIAN BRIDE (1). The overture and music composed by Mr. Bishop. Characters. Circassians. Alexis, Mr. Braham. Rhindax, Mr. De Camp. Demetrius, Mr. Marshall. Basil, Mr. Ray. Chief Priest, Mr. Maddocks. Officers, Messrs. Gibbon and Miller. Erminia, Miss Lyon. English. Ben Blunt, Mr. Bannister. Tom Taffrel, Mr. Smith. Rachael, Mrs. Mountain. Tartars. Usbeg (the Khan) Mr. J. Smith. Barak, Mr. Mathews. Anna, Mrs. Bland. Fortune's Frolic.

KING'S THEATRE, (DRURY-LANE COMPANY).

MARCH.

16. Man and Wife. Fanny, Miss Boyce. Sylvester Daggerwood, with " Said a Smile to a Tear," by Mr. Braham. Don Quichotte, by the Performers of the Opera House.

20. Honey Moon. Les Jeux Floraux, by the Performers of the Opera House.

23. Country Girl. Second part of Don Quichotte. Irishman in London (2).

(1) This is the production of Mr. Ward, who instead of being sorry for that fire, which has prevented its repetition, ought only to regret that the theatre was not burnt down one day sooner. Mark the mutabilities of every thing human! This night the theatre is crowded with youth and beauty, witnessing a shewy and harmonious

opera; the next, the whole building is one sheet of fire, presenting the most sublime and awful considerations of which the mind is capable; "the third day" scarcely a vestige of either theatre or fire are to be seen, and the work of years is the destruction of a night.

Mr. Ward's Opera was pre-eminently wretched. We need only say that all the excellent music of Mr. Bishop failed to procure it success; and that it was so decidedly damned, that it was announced in the bills of the morning to have been "received with unbounded applause from a brilliant," &c. Of the dialogue we subjoin two specimens: "*Tom Taffrel.* When I hold out my hand to shake hands"—*(Loud and continued laughter from every part of the house).* "*Usbeg.* (*Surprised*). Haw!" (*Laughter from the opposition benches*). Mr. J. Smith's ludicrous intonation of this exclamation so delighted the galleries that instead of hissing the Opera, they henceforward *hawed* it. It is certain that if they had not, it would have *hummed* them. Of the songs, it is impossible to give a specimen, for they were all written by different poetasters. Of the music we hope Mr. Bishop will yet give us many specimens, through other vehicles.

(2) The Drury-lane Company have taken "three nights only," at the King's Theatre; previously to every performance Mr. Elliston spoke an Address written by Mr. Eyre. The proprietors of opera-boxes behaved very liberally upon the occasion, and the company cleared 2250*l.*

THEATRE-ROYAL, HAY-MARKET (COVENT-GARDEN COMPANY).

FEBRUARY.

23. Exile. Katharine, Mrs. Dickons (her first appearance since her severe indisposition). Is he a Prince?

24. The Serenata of Acis and Galatea. With a Grand Miscellaneous Act.

25. Macbeth. Macbeth, Mr. Kemble. Is he a Prince?

27. King Lear. De La Perouse.

28. King Henry the Eighth. Is he a Prince?

MARCH.

1. Dettingen Te Deum. With two Grand Miscellaneous Acts.

2. Exile. Is he a Prince?

3. The First Act of the Creation. With two Grand Miscellaneous Acts.

4. Macbeth. Is he a Prince?

6. King Lear. De La Perouse.

7. Exile. Who Wins?

8. The Sacred Oratorio of the Messiah.

9. [Never acted]. A Comedy in five Acts, called INDEPENDENCE, OR, THE TRUSTEE. (1) Characters, by Mr. Munden, Mr. C. Kemble, Mr. Emery, Mr. Brunton, Mr. Claremont, Mr. Fawcett, Mr. Simmons, Mr. Liston, Mr. Murray, Mr. Chapman. Mrs. H. Johnston, Mrs. Davenport, Miss Bolton, Mrs. Dibdin. The Prologue and Epilogue by Mr. Brunton and Mrs. H. Johnston. Is he a Prince?

10. The Oratorio of L'Allegro il Pensieroso. With a Grand Miscellaneous Act.

11. Independence. Blind Boy.

13. Id. De La Perouse.

14. Id. Tom Thumb.

15. Dettingen Te Deum. With two Grand Miscellaneous Acts.

16. Iron Chest. Blanch, Miss Logan. Is he a Prince?

17. The Serenata of Acis and Galatea. With a Grand Miscellaneous Act.

18. Exile. Who Wins?

20. King Lear. De La Perouse.

(1) This is the production of Mr. Allingham, a gentleman who writes a tolerable Farce, when he does not call it a Comedy. It is altogether unworthy of criticism. The fact is, that all the materials were of so perishable a nature, that they have one by one, like the parson and clerk in a piece of burning tinder, escaped from us into oblivion; and the only spark we can rescue, who is no less a man than the hero of the piece, is a grocer, who deals out figs and free-born speeches with the same robust gaiety of independence; and thrusts his intellectual fist in the teeth of every body whom he *suspects* of not treating him with reverence. It ran but a few nights, and in the most lame manner possible, though encouraged by all the managers with all their "unbounded applauses," and dropped down at last, dead of exhaustion. We hope the modern dramatists will take warning by this new exemplification of "God's Revenge against Pun-"ning." That farces should be comedies nobody can

have the least objection; but that comedies should be farces, neither wit, nor logic, nor common reason will, we trust, endure any longer, whatever "the gods" may do.

DUBLIN THEATRE.

Our season, under the judicious and liberal management of Mr. Crampton, has been unprecedently successful. The company is numerous and complete. We have Messrs. Rae (late of the Haymarket, and for the last two years the hero of the Liverpool, Theatre), who takes the lead in tragedy and genteel comedy, Lewis, (son of our old favourite), Williams, (deputy manager), Fullam, Lee, Huddart, Johnson, Simpson, Duff, and Phillips. This last gentleman, whose great taste and judgment are universally acknowledged, is at the head of the vocal department, which is also strengthened by the powers of Mr. Hill, late of Covent Garden. Our Ballet department is uncommonly strong: we have Messrs. Bradbury and Giroux (from the Circus, London), and M. St. Pierre.

Miss Smith, late so great a favourite on the London boards, is equally admired here, and is considered by many as equal to our great Melpomene.

The female department is completed by Miss Walstein, Miss Lock, Mrs. Nun, Mrs. Cooke, (late Miss Howells of Covent Garden), Mrs. Stewart, Mrs. Mason, Mrs. M'Cullock, Mrs. Hitchcock, Mrs. Kennedy, and the three Misses Giroux (from the Circus, London).

Man and Wife has been played several nights with great success. Mr. Rae did every thing for Charles Austincourt: he depicted the honest, blunt, volatile, impetuous sailor, with great judgment and effect. Cornelius O'Dedimus, in the hands of Mr. Lee, was uncommonly effective; and where he observes "if nature occasionally blunders in her formation of the head of an Irishman, it is, because she bestows so much pains in the construction of his heart," the applause was tremendous. Mr. Fullam was very good in Sir Willoughby Worrit; and Johnson was extremely entertaining in Ponder. Miss Smith, as Helen, was lively and interesting.

Valentine and Orson has been got up with much effect. Mr. Bradbury was great as Orson, and Mr. Rae very spirited and graceful in Valentine: the piece has been played sixteen nights successively. Mother Goose has produced the managers a golden egg: it has been got up under the direction of Bradbury, who performs the clown, and has been played forty nights. We are getting up the Exile, Daran, Mr. Rae, Alexina, Miss Smith.

24th March, 1809.

The Exile has been brought out here. The scenery, by Marinari, Chalmers, and Philippo Zafforini, is magnificent; the dresses and decorations splendid and appropriate; and these with the excellent acting of Rae as Daran, and Miss Smith, as Alexina, could not fail to insure success to the piece. Bradbury took his benefit a fortnight since, and proposed to place a smith's anvil on his breast, and to allow three smiths to strike it with sledge hammers, and also to draw himself up to the cieling by a rope held by his teeth. In this

last experiment he had a very narrow escape; for when he was two and twenty feet from the stage, he forgot himself, quitted his hold, and of course fell to the ground. It was generally supposed he had broken his limbs, but he immediately arose and bowed to the audience, to assure them he was not hurt. He had a most tremendous benefit. The greatest receipt known in Dublin never exceeded 500*l*. but Bradbury had 612*l*. The crowd was so immense, that the musicians were driven from the orchestra, and many persons, to prevent suffocation made their escape across the stage. Not a syllable of the play could be heard, and never was such confusion witnessed in any theatre.

BATH THEATRE.

Novelty on novelty so rapidly succeeds at our theatre, that we do not recollect any former season that has produced such crowded houses, or such variety of attractions. Mrs. Dickons has exhibited her inimitable powers in the character of Mandane in Artaxerxes. We never witnessed any musical effort approaching more nearly to perfection, nor ever saw more graceful action. Miss Wheatley appeared to great advantage in the difficult part of Artaxerexes: her conception of the character was just; and several of her songs were rapturously encored. Mr. Bennett met with deserved applause in Arbaces, and gave the recitatives and songs with great taste and science. Mrs. Dickons has performed in several other operas to overflowing houses. The melo-drama of the Iron Mask, excited great expectation. The music had great merit, and the scenery was good; yet notwithstanding this, and the great exertions of the performers, it survived but a few nights. A more wretched farrago of nonsense than this melo-drama, was never yet attempted to be palmed on the public. Much praise is due to the managers for the manner in which the Exile has been produced; it gives us great satisfaction to notice the performance of Miss Jameson in the long and arduous part of Alexina; it is equally indicative of taste, feeling, and judgment. From Mr. Bengough's known discrimination and good sense, we expected a different delineation of Count Ulric; he has reformed it a little since the first night of performance, when he reminded us rather of an unfortunate raving maniac escaped from confinement, than a good and great man supporting with fortitude unmerited misfortune. Notwithstanding Madame Catalani's powerful attractions (she having performed four nights at our theatre in some of her most favourite characters), our benefits have opened most auspiciously, Mrs. Windsor leading the way with a bumper on Saturday last. We are happy to find our old favourites are not likely to be forgotten; and that a Bath audience while they admire foreign excellence, properly appreciate domestic worth.

Feb. 28, 1809. A THEATRICAL AMATEUR.

THEATRICAL INTELLIGENCE.

Madame Bussani, prima donna seria, in engagement at the King's Theatre, is arrived in England.

The performers of Drury-lane Theatre met Mr. Sheridan on the

day we mentioned in our last number. That gentleman told them that he would release them from the patent, and that the best thing they could do, would be to get a licence for themselves; for if they played under the patent they would be liable to all the claims on the theatre. The actors were overpowered by his goodness, and gratefully took him at his word. As Mr. Sheridan "loved" them, however, this was not exactly what he meant, and he then talked of a provision for his "son Tom," and a provision for himself; but the company manfully scorned his shackles. "No more of that," said they, "an thou *love* us." Mr. Sheridan then did his best *lovingly* to put himself between the company and that licence he recommended them to procure; but they have at length successfully opposed his influence, and have procured a licence from the Lord Chamberlain, till the 10th of June next. They will shortly open the Large Theatre at the Lyceum, under the management of the following committee: Messrs. Bannister, Elliston, Dowton, Johnstone, Wroughton, D'Egville, and Braham. It is to be hoped, that in the acceptance and rejection of dramas, these gentlemen will be somewhat "purer in their great office" than the Boards of Management which accept such pieces as the Circassian Bride, and reject such as the Honey Moon. Many novelties we understand are to be looked for, and the comedy of Mr. Lee of Bexley, which has this at least in its favour, that it was rejected by the Drury-lane board, is already in preparation. Messrs. Bannister, Elliston, Dowton, Mathews, and Johnstone, and Mrs. H. Siddons, have characters in it. The Lyceum Large Theatre holds more than the Hay Market; and its want of dressing-room-capacity, is to be remedied by hiring tenements behind the theatre, to which there is to be a passage cut.

It is not yet ascertained how the fire at Drury-lane broke out, nor is it ever likely to be. Nothing is yet decided as to rebuilding; but the ruins have been examined by an architect, who has reported the safety of all the foundation arches, which will greatly lighten the expense of rebuilding.

Mr. Holman is playing at Newcastle. He opens the Liverpool Theatre on the 1st of May, and stays there twelve nights. Mr. Rae resumes his station at Liverpool in June. Mr. Kemble goes to Dublin for a few nights in May, and is to play his favourite characters of Lear, Zanga, King John, Leon, &c. &c. Mr. Henry Siddons has taken the Edinburgh Theatre.